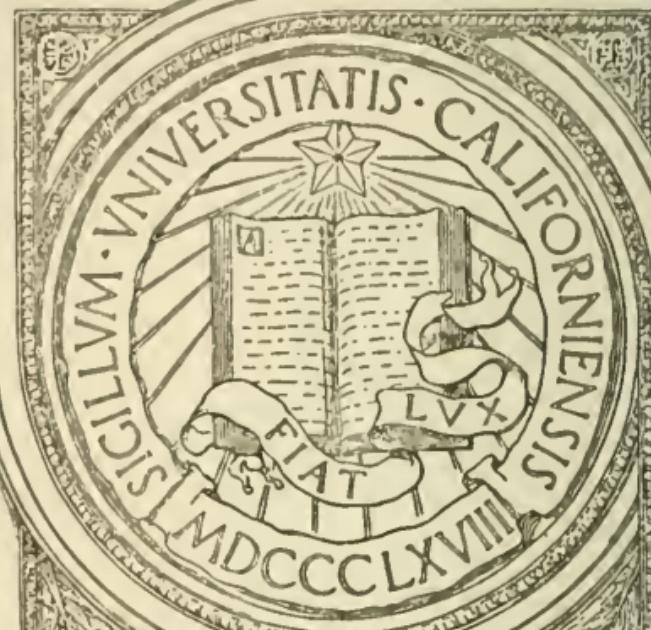


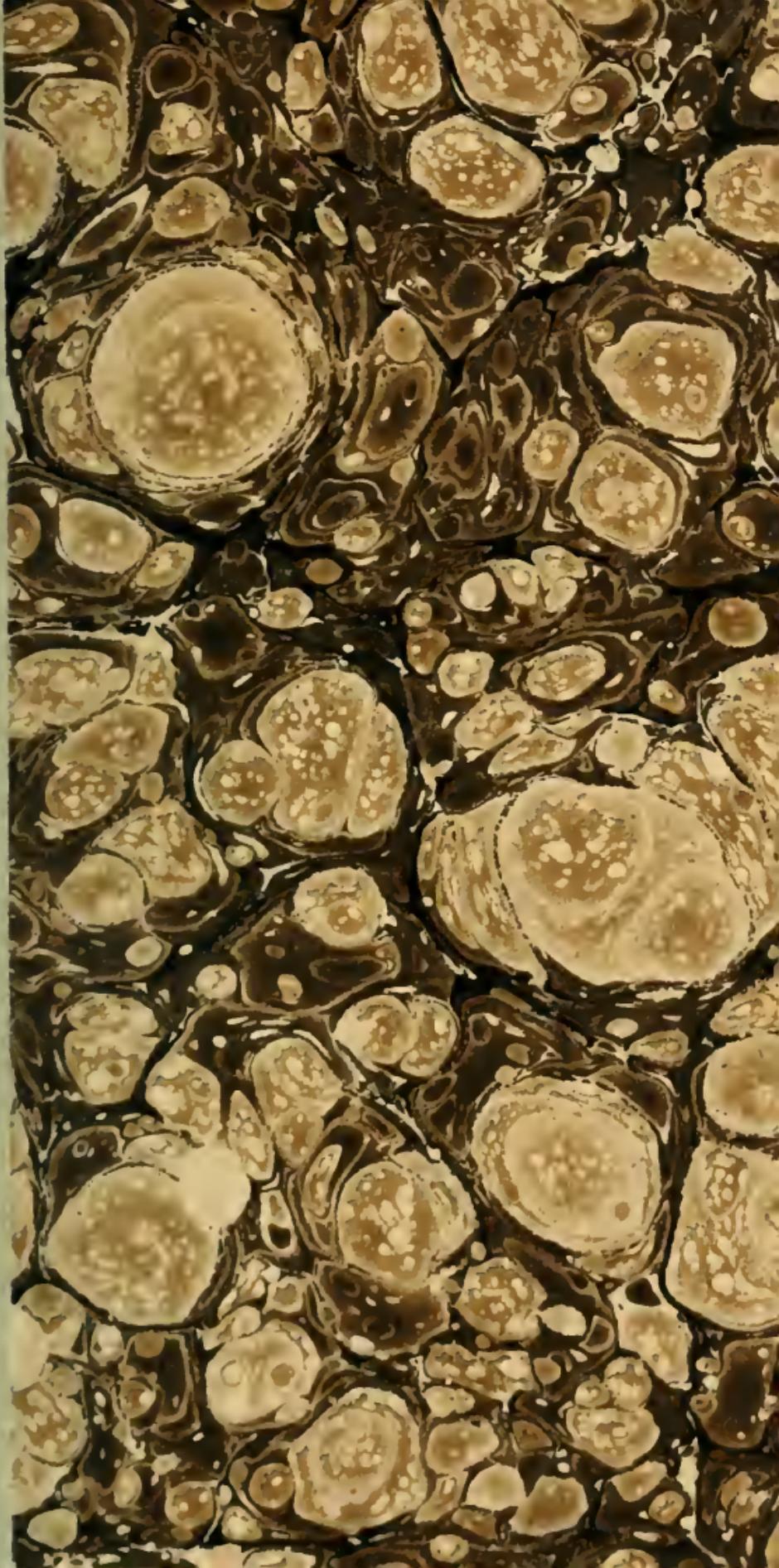


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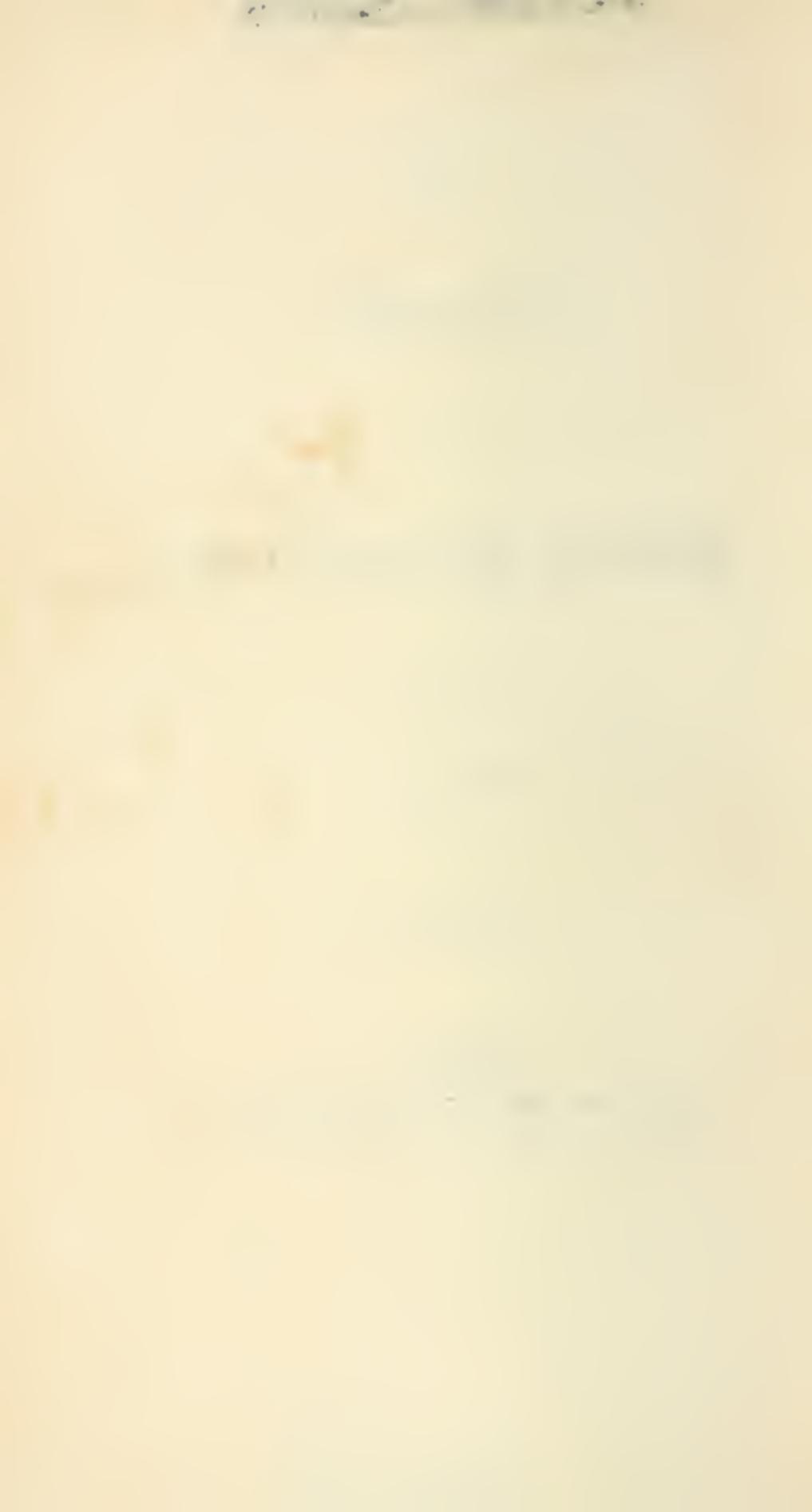
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THE COMPLAINT.

NIGHT VIII.

Virtue's Apology :

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE; THE AMBITION AND PLEASURE,
WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM, OF THE WORLD.

AND has all Nature, then, espoused my part?
Have I bribed Heaven and Earth to plead against
thee?

And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal bless'd.
Unbless'd immortals!—what can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world;
There stows his treasure; thence his title draws,
Man of the world! (for such wouldest thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Christian,—in an age
When men were men, and not ashamed of
Heaven,—

Fired their ambition, as it crown'd their joy !
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I rebaptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments, fatal and inflamed,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song.
To thee the world how fair ! how strongly strikes
Ambition ! and gay Pleasure stronger still !
Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt, that lays
Thy virtue dead; be these my triple theme ;
Nor shall thy wit or wisdom be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song, if she
My song invokes, **Urania** ! deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes ;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars,
shall shine

Unnumber'd suns, (for all things, as they are,
The bless'd behold) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight ;
A blaze—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo ! since Eternal is at hand,
To swallow Time's ambitions ; as the vast
Leviathan the bubbles vain that ride
High on the foaming billow ; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our highest ? O Lorenzo !
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What towering hopes, what sallies from the Sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms where a spirit burns,
Bound for Eternity ! in bosoms read

By Him, who foibles in archangels sees !
On human hearts He bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in Heaven's register enrolls,
The rise and progress of each option there ;
Sacred to Doomsday ! that the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo ! thine !
This world ! and this, unrival'd by the skies !
A world where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tired,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious promise angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring ; a promise their Adored
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woes,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;
A pillow which, like opiates ill-prepared,
Intoxicates, but not composes ; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest :
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy !
How frail men, things ! how momentary, both !
Fantastic chase, of shadows hunting shades !
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike ;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise ! [wastes,
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret that throws new reproach

On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of business tell us—‘ What are men ?’
The scenes of pleasure—‘ What is all beside ?’
There others we despise ; and here ourselves.
Amid disgust eternal dwells delight ?—
‘ Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On Life’s gay stage, one inch above the grave ?
The proud run up and down in quest of eyes ;
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse ;
The grave, of gold ; the politic, of power ;
And all, of other butterflies as vain !
As eldies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man’s heart by vanity drawn in !
On the swift circle of returning toys [ingulf’d,
Whirl’d, straw-like, round and round, and then
Where gay delusion darkens to despair !

‘ This is a beaten track.’—Is this a track
Should not be beaten ? never beat enough,
Till enough learn’d the truths it would inspire.
Shall Truth be silent, because Folly frowns ?
Turn the world’s history, what find we there
But Fortune’s sports, or Nature’s cruel claims,
Or woman’s artifice, or man’s revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man ?
Fame’s trumpet seldom sounds but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings : how it hourly blows
Man’s misadventures round the listening world !
Man is the tale of narrative old Time ;
Sad tale ! which high as Paradise begins ;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The Days, his daughters, as they spin our hours

On Fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells
 With, now and then, a wretched farce between,
 And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;
 Not one but puts some cheat on all mankind.
 While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
 They flatter our fond hopes, and promise much
 Of amiable, but hold him not o'er wise
 Who dares to trust them, and laugh round the year,
 At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
 Confiding though confounded; hoping on,
 Untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof,
 And ever looking for the never-seen.
 Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies,
 Nor owns itself a cheat till it expires:
 Its little joys go out by one and one,
 And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
 Night darker than what now involves the pole.

O Thou, who dost permit these ills to fall
 For gracious ends, and wouldest that man should
 mourn!
 O Thou, whose hands this goodly fabric framed,
 Who know'st it best, and wouldest that man should
 know!

What is this sublunary world? a vapour;
 A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour;
 From the damp bed of Chaos, by thy beam
 Exhaled, ordain'd to swim its destined hour
 In ambient air, then melt and disappear.
 Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
 As mortal, though less transient, than her sons;

Yet they dote on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; Thou a dream.

They dote, on what? immortal views apart,
A region of outsides! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promises!
A wilderness of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread
With bold adventurers, their all on board;
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns varions; all alike in this,
All restless, anxious, toss'd with hopes and fears
In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm,
And stormy the most general blast of life:
All bound for Happiness; yet few provide
The chart of Knowledge, pointing where it lies,
Or Virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd:
All, more or less, capricious Fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
And farther from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suffering more from folly than from fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round.
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost¹)
Wide opening, and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:

¹ Admiral Balchen, &c.

And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers
gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embark'd:

But where is he can fathom its event?

Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!

Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puff's them wide of Hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong Effort has deserved the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!

Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.

Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.

One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)

With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from Nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years

Beats down their strength; their numberless es-
eapes

In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and Fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The most happy (strange to say)
Convince me most of human misery.

What are they? smiling wretches of to-morrow!
More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be,
Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask and sting:
Then what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, then, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal Hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires?—
‘ But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group: a more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.’
Look on life's stages; they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth;
The boy has virtue by his mother's side:
Yes, on Florello look: a father's heart
Is tender, though the man's is made of stone;

The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello ! lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant, now a heedless child.
To poor Clarissa's throes thy care succeeds ;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
Needful austerities his will restrain,
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his Reason cannot go alone,
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrified ;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale ;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye,
His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.
Ah ! what avails his innocence ? the task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers !
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ;
Guiltless, and sad ! a wretch before the fall !
How cruel this ! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature such, with necessary pains
We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
Though not a father, this might steal a sigh.
Suppose him disciplined aright (if not,
Twill sink our poor account to poorer still),
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world ;
The world is taken, after ten years' toil,
Like ancient Troy, and all its joys his own.
Alas ! the world's a tutor more severe,
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;
Unteaching all his virtuous Nature taught,
Or books (fair Virtue's advocates) inspired.
For who receives him into public life ?

Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcomè the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And in their hospitable arms enclose ;
Men who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend ;
Men that act up to Reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdued ;
Men that would blñsh at being thought sincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want ;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well,
As if, to them, Vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo ! canst thou bear a shocking sight ?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear.
See the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright ;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace,
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
All their keen purpose in politeness sheath'd ;
His friends eternal—during interest ;
His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
At war with every welfare but their own ;
As wise as Lucifer, and half as good ;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked through these, (so common Fate ordains)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all most amiable in life, [feign'd ;
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles un-
Affection, as his species wide diffused,
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown,
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh, till time and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, Experience,

And her assistant, pausing, pale Distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clew to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clew shall come so cheap.
For while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus a strange kind of cursed necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd Wisdom ; sinks him into safety,
And brands him into credit with the world,
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And Nature's injuries are arts of life ;
Where brighter Reason prompts to bolder crimes,
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts,
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !

Poor Machiavel ! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that Genius need not go to school ;
Forgot that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practised long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page ; there's no contents.
The world's all face : the man who shows his heart
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who lived upon a smile,
And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
(Lorenzo ! what I tell thee take not ill ;)
Living, he fawn'd on every fool alive ;
And, dying, cursed the friend on whom he lived.
To such proficients thou art half a saint !
In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state rooks,

Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the necromancies of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other,
Making court sweetmeats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceived,
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not, but be that their shame.
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man he cannot see?

Why so much cover? it defeats itself.

Ye that know all things! know ye not men's hearts
Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—the cause they need not tell.
I give him joy that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature Truth keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st 'tis needful! is it therefore right?—
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace
To strain at an excuse: and wouldest thou, then,
Escape that cruel need? thou may'st with ease;
Think no post needful that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pelham thought: think better if you can.

But this how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still.
The world's no neuter; it will wound or save;
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say the world, well known, will make a man.—

The world, well known, will give our hearts to
Heaven,

Or make us demons, long before we die.

To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
Take either part ; sure ills attend the choice ;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not Virtue's self is deified on earth ;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;
Foes that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, last and least complain ;
But if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?
If Wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor Folly lead a happy life ?
And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he most happy who the least laments ?
Where much, much patience, the most envied state,
And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends ?
For friend or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies :
' Thus far thy song is right, and all must own
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains :—
And joys peculiar who to Vice denies ?
If vice it is with Nature to comply :
If pride and sense are so predominant,
To check, not overcome them, makes a saint,
Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
Pleasure and glory, the chief good of man ?

Can Pride and Sensuality rejoice ?
From purity of thought all pleasure springs,
And from an humble spirit all our peace.
Ambition, Pleasure ! let us talk of these ;

Of these the Porch and Academy talk'd ;
Of these each following age had much to say,
Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of these, to mankind all at once
He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?
Are these thy refuge ?—No ; these rush upon thee,
Thy vitals seize, and, vulture-like, devour :
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus ! from this barren ball of earth,
If Reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And first, thy Caucasus, Ambition, calls ;
Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !
Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !
'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as Il— at his Moor.
Dost grasp at greatness ? first know what it is.
Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By Fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodged : 'tis lodged in the reverse ;
Is that which joins, in that which equals all,
The monarch and his slave,—' a deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A Father-God, and brothers in the skies ;'
Elder, indeed, in time, but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man.
Why greater what can fall than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo ! go,
And, with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves,
Thy slaves and equals. How scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee ! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god ? if Fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence : a maxim that

Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
 Where, in the drapery, the man is lost;
 Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when disposed to boast,
 Boast that aloud in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy.
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?
 It nought avails thee where, but what, thou art.
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
 When through Death's straits Earth's subtle
 serpents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
 As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
 Of Fortune's *ficus* strip them, yet alive,
 Strip them of body too ; nay, closer still,
 Away with all but moral in their minds,
 And let what then remains impose their name,
 Pronounce them weak or worthy, great or mean.
 How mean that snuff of glory Fortune lights,
 And Death puts out ! Dost thou demand a test,
 A test, at once, infallible and short,
 Of real greatness ? that man greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate or fame, who greatly dies ;
 High-flush'd with hope where heroes shall despair.
 If this a true criterion, many courts,
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

The' Almighty, from his throne, on earth sur-
 veys
 Nought greater than an honest, humble heart ;
 An humble heart, his residence ! pronounced

His second seat, and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives !
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
The' illustrious master of a name unknown ?
Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with
men, [smiles ;

And peace, beyond the world's conceptions,
As thou (now dark) before we part shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns :
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen,
And when he shrugs at public business, lies.
Denied the public eye, the public voice,
As if he lived on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal,
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can ?
Knows he, that faithless Fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet ? that his vanity
Is so much tickled, from not hearing all ?
Knows this ali-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?
His' fame which (like the mighty Cæsar) crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By seeming friends, that honour and destroy.
We rise in glory as we sink in pride :
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins ;
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,

The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud,
And dreams himself ascending, in his fall.

An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain ;
All vice wants hellebore ; but of all vice
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ;
Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In fact, the point in fancy most pursued.
Who court applause oblige the world in this ;
They gratify man's passion to refuse.
Superior honour, when assumed, is lost :
E'en good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause ; with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries,—‘ Be, then, Ambition east ;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay Pleasure ! proud Ambition is her slave ;
For her he soars at great, and hazards ill ;
For her he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes,
And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her
smile. [renzo !

Who can resist her charms ?—Or should ? Lo-
What mortal shall resist where angels yield ?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers ;
For her contend the rival gods above ;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below,
And well it is for man that Pleasure charms ;
How would all stagnate but for Pleasure's ray !
How would the frozen stream of action cease !
What is the pulse of this so busy world ?
The love of pleasure : that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth, and shuts out death from
life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,

Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black, and some the fair;
Some honest pleasure court, and some obscene.
Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
Of passions that can err in human hearts,
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? whoredom
But when our reason licenses delight. [all,
Dost doubt, Lorenzo?—thou shalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot in the dark,
A rank adulterer with others' gold;
And that hag, Vengeance, in a corner charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as Love,
Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, Pleasure is the mark:
For her the black assassin draws his sword;
For her dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
For her the saint abstains, the miser starves;
The stoic proud, for Pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy,
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of Pleasure! Doter on delight!
I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence,

If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.

How knits Austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold and hazardous, the praise
Of pleasure, to mankind unpraised, too dear!

Ye modern stoics! hear my soft reply;
Their senses men will trust: we can't impose,
Or, if we could, is imposition right?
Own honey sweet; but, owning, add this sting,
'When mix'd with poison it is deadly too.'

Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be praised as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
What Nature loves is good, without our leave;
And where no future drawback cries, 'Beware,'
Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail:
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven.

How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!

The love of Pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
Imperial Pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
Though uncoift counsel, learned in the world!
Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
May'st look on me: yet, my Demosthenes!
Canst thou plead Pleasure's cause as well as I?
Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage?
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
And know thyself; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
Tell not Calista, she will laugh thee dead,

Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
Absurd presumption ! thou, who never knew'st
A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?
No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
Or yawn'd it into being with a wish :
Or with a snout of groveling Appetite
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An art it is, and must be learn'd ; and learn'd
With unremitting effort, or be lost,
And leaves us perfect blockheads in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
Wealth may seek us ; but Wisdom must be
sought ;
Songht before all ; but (how unlike all else
We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, Pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and gran-
deur, see :

Brought forth by Wisdom, nursed by Discipline,
By Patience taught, by Perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic ; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.
For what are virtues ? (formidable name !)
What but the fountain or defence of joy ?
Why then commanded ? need mankind commands,
At once to merit and to make their bliss !—
Great Legislator ! scarce so great as kind !
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice :
In the transgression lies the penalty ;
And they the most indulge who most obey.

Of Pleasure, next, the final cause explore ;
Its mighty purpose, its important end.
Not to turn human brutal, but to build

Divine on human, Pleasure came from Heaven :
In aid to Reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours Virtue ; in return,
Virtue gives Pleasure an eternal reign.
What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine ?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live ;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please ;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray ;
(All prayer would cease, if unbelieved the prize)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;
And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
Glide then, for ever, Pleasure's sacred stream !
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life ;
Makes a new Eden where it flows,—but such
As must be lost, Lorenzo ! by thy fall.

'What mean I by thy fall ?—Thou 'lt shortly see,
While Pleasure's nature is at large display'd,
Already sung her origin and ends :
Those glorious ends by kind, or by degree,
When Pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too ; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment life, health, reason, joy ;
From wild excess pain, grief, distraction, death ;
Heaven's justice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than this full draught of pleasure from a cask
Unbroach'd by just authority, ungaged
By temperance, by reason unrefined ?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves ! uninjured these,
Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine :

Angels are angels from indulgence there.

'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god !

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?
A victim rather ! shortly, sure to bleed.

The wrong must mourn. Can Heaven's appointments fail ?

Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out
A self-wrought happiness, unmeant by Him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?
Who forms an instrument ordains from whence
Its dissonance or harmony shall rise.

Heaven bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;
Bid Virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy ;
And without breathing man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.

‘ Is virtue, then, and piety the same ? —
No ; piety is more ; ’tis Virtue’s source,
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest ;
They smile at piety, yet boast aloud
‘ Good-will to men,’ nor know they strive to part
What Nature joins, and thus confute themselves.
With piety begins all good on earth ;
’Tis the first born of Rationality !

Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good.

A feign’d affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can’t love, but for the’ Almighty’s sake :
A foe to God was ne’er true friend to man.
Some sinister intent taints all he does,
And in his kindest actions he’s unkind.

On piety humanity is built,
And on humanity much happiness ;

And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven ;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believed, is joy begun :
A Deity adored, is joy advanced ;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured !
Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides :
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still :
Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity !
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

Lorenzo ! when wast thou at church before ?
Thou think'st the service long : but is it just ?—
Though just, unwelcome. Thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground : the Muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good Conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;
Verse disaffeets it, and Lorenzo smiles ;
Yet has she her seraglio full of charms,
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected ? is thy mind o'creast ?
Amid her fair ones thou the fairest choose
To chase thy gloom.—‘Go, fix some weighty truth ;
Chain down some passion ; do some generous good ;
Teach Ignorance to see, or Grief to smile ;
Correct thy friend ; befriend thy greatest foe
Or, with warm heart and confidence divine,

Spring up, and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.'

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow,
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease!

Laughter, though never censured yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe)
Is half-immoral, is it much indulged.

By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool,
And sins; as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching the portentous sign!

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
A man dejected is a sight as mean.

What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
What for dejection, where presides a Power
Who call'd us into being—to be bless'd?

So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy:
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray;
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldest thou laugh (but at thy own expense)
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
'Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.'
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace:
Ah! do not prize them less because inspired,

As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
 If not inspired, that pregnant page had stood,
 Time's treasure ! and the wonder of the wise !
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake :
 Alas !—should men mistake thee for a fool ;—
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ?
 Believe me, sense, here, acts a double part,
 And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first.
 They first themselves offend who greatly please,
 And travel only gives us sound repose.
 Heaven sells all pleasure ; effort is the price.
 The joys of conquest are the joys of man ;
 And Glory the victorious laurel spreads
 O'er Pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time when toil must be preferr'd,
 Or joy, by mistimed fondness, is undone.
 A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bless'd.
 False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ;
 From thought's full bent and energy the true ;
 And that demands a mind in equal poize,
 Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire.
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
 And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
 Or ope the door to honest Poverty ?
 Or talk with threatening Death, and not turn pale ?
 In such a world, and such a nature, these

Are needful fundamentals of delight :
These fundamentals give delight indeed ;
Delight pure, delicate, and durable ;
Delight unshaken, masculine, divine ;
A constant and a sound, but serious joy.

Is Joy the daughter of Severity ?
It is :—yet far my doctrine from severe.
‘ Rejoice for ever :’ it becomes a man ;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
‘ Rejoice for ever, (Nature cries) Rejoice !’
And drinks to man in her nectareous cup,
Mix’d up of delicates for every sense ;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
And he that will not pledge her is a churl.
I’ll firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity :
Yet, sparing, pledge ; her bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast.—‘ A rational repast,
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field,
And ever-waking ardour for the right.’
‘ Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought, that is right, think little ; well aware
What Reason bids, God bids : by his command
How aggrandized the smallest thing we do !
Thus nothing is insipid to the wise ;
To thee insipid all but what is mad,
Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of guilt.
‘ Mad ! (thou reply’st, with indignation fired)
Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
I follow Nature.’—Follow Nature still,
But look it be thine own. Is Conscience, then,

No part of Nature? is she not supreme?
 Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
 Then follow Nature, and resemble God.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursued,
 Man's nature is unnaturally pleased;
 And what's unnatural is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust e'en thee!
 The fact thou know'st; but not, perhaps, the cause.
 Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid:
 Heaven mix'd her with our make, and twisted close
 Her sacred interests with the strings of life:
 Who breaks her awful mandate shocks himself,
 His better self: and is it greater pain
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spared?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
 Ask, then, the Gout, what torment is in guilt?—
 The joys of sense to mental joys are mean:
 Sense on the present only feeds: the soul
 On past and future forages for joy:
 'Tis hers, by retrospect, through time to range,
 And forward Time's great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
 Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall.
 Guard then thy mind, and leave the rest to Fate!

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
 The man is dead who for the body lives,
 Lured by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With every lust that wars against his peace,
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself first know, then love: a self there is,
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms:
 A self there is, as fond of every vice,

While every virtue wounds it to the heart ;
Humility degrades it, Justice robs,
Bless'd Bounty beggars it, fair Truth betrays,
And godlike Magnanimity destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn ;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it :—but when Virtue bids,
Toss it or to the fowls or to the flames.
And why ? 'tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed :
Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind.

For what is vice ?—Self-love in a mistake :
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue what ? 'tis Self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguised self-hate,
More mortal than the malice of our foes ;
A self-hate now scarce felt, then felt full sore,
When being cursed, extinction loud-implored,
And every thing preferr'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice,
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy,
How is his want of happiness betray'd
By disaffection to the present hour !
Imagination wanders far a-field ;
The future pleases : why ? the present pains.—
'But that's a secret.'—Yes, which all men know,
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless rolls
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause.
What is it ?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From Instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.

A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies, the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent Wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is Folly's character,
As Wisdom's is a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme,
Nor but in motion canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False Pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd and solid as a rock;
Slippery the false, and tossing, as the wave.
This a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight:
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition, and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,
Though Nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,

They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to heaven ;
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes,
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

W^ere all men happy, revelings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo ! never man was truly bless'd,
But it composed and gave him such a cast,
As Folly might mistake for want of joy :
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud ;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring !
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent as pure ! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high,
Which, like land-floods, impetuons pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who transient joy prefers ?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight,
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd state ; a tenour, not a start.
Bliss there is none but unprecarius bliss :
That is the gem : sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely loved, if gain'd ?
At good fortuitous draw back, and pause ;
Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
And nought, but what thou givest thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that Reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself :
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious Worth! should absolutely
reign,

And other joys ask leave for their approach,
Nor unexamined, ever leave obtain.

Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;

Not the least promise of internal peace!

No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!

Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound
Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure;

[gain'd.]

If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than
Much pain must expiate what much pain procured,
Fancy and Sense, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring, and pestilence the prize,
Then such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst,
By fond indulgence but inflamed the more)
Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tired.

Imagination is the Paphian shop
Where feeble Happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires)
With wanton art those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and
fame.

[are]

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there
On angel-wing, descending from above;
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen Imagination's guilt;
But who can count her follies? she betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd,

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot, (ye gods!) though cloven, must be
kiss'd,

Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor Magnificence is starved to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacified; if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expenses, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of Fortune ever bless'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob Innocence of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his Holiness, and be revenged.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give Pleasure's name to nought but what has pass'd
The authentic seal of Reason (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes) and defies
The tooth of Time; when pass'd, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be prized, as it promotes
Our future, while its forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast, and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd Annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;

That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, though my lecture long;
 'Be good'—and let Heaven answer for the rest!

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The good man has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: e'en the best must own,
 Patience and Resignation are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth: the pillars these,
 But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
 Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd,
 To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
 Fired at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
 Heaven in reversion, like the Sun, as yet
 Beneath the horizon, cheers us in this world;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

'This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue!
 But can harangues blow back strong Nature's
 stream,
 Or stem the tide Heaven pushes through our veins,
 Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
 And lays his labour level with the world?

Themselves men make their comment on man-kind,
 And think nought is, but what they find at home:
 Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.
 Nothing romantic has the Muse prescribed.
 Above⁷, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
 The mortal man, and wretched was the sight.
 To balance that, to comfort and exalt,

⁷ In a former Night.

Now see the man immortal : him, I mean,
Who lives as such ; whose heart full bent on
Heaven,

Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more ; though bright, without a foil :
Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;
Nor stop at wouder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of Seuse, and Passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! what higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame ; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities ;
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,

With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they.
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship as divine ;
His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity ;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse :
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade :
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe : [peace.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends ;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees,
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end where his full feast begins ;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence his alone ;
And his alone triumphantly to think

His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
Death then was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo like the firm,
Undaunted breast.—And whose is that high
praise?

They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And show no fortitude but in the field ;
If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown ;
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail :
By pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts ;
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ;
And when he falls, writes *Vici* on his shield.
From magnanimity all fear above ;
From nobler recompence above applause,
Which owes to man's short outlook all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—‘ Where shines this miracle ?
From what root rises this immortal man ?—
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground :
The root disseet, nor wonder at the flower.

He follows Nature (not like thee⁸) and shows us
An uninverted system of a man.
His appetite wears Reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why ?—because affection, more than meet,

⁸ See Night the Eighth, p. 30.

His wisdom leaves not disengaged from Heaven.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
 They most the world enjoy who least admire.
 His understanding scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes arising from the boiling breast.
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 By worldly competitions uninflamed.
 The moderate movements of his soul admit
 Distinct ideas, and matured debate,
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
 Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;
 On its own dunghill wiser than the world.
 What, then, the world? it must be doubly weak.
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their

Yet thus it is, nor otherwise can be, [creed.
 So far from aught romantic what I sing;
 Bliss has no being, Virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life.
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
 Who care no farther, must prize what it yields,
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth nothing can't its charms admire;
 He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for them (yet who so fondly boast
 Good will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
 For may not he invade their good supreme,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
 All shines to them, that for a season shines:
 Each act, each thought he questions; 'What its
 weight,
 Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?—

And, what it there appears, he deems it now ;
Hence pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal ;
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has Habit's firmness, and Affection's flame :
Angels, allied, descend to feed the fire,
And Death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo ! bigot of this world !
Wont to disdain poor bigots, caught by Heaven !
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduced to nought !
For what art thou ?—Thou boaster ! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most,
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies ;
By promise now, and by possession, soon
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo ! rise to something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens and expects,
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.—
Canst thou be silent ? no ; for wit is thine,
And Wit talks most when least she has to say,
And Reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say—that mists above the mountains rise,
And with a thousand pleasantries amuse ;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction in the dust she raised.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste !
'Tis precious as the vehicle of sense,
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.

Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds ;
Passion can give it ; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash ; and madness rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown 'twere well was this the worst ;
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique thee more,
See Dulness, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity
Which has exposed, and let her down to thee.
But Wisdom, awful Wisdom ! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last,
How rare ! in senates, synods, sought in vain ;
Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few ;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, Wit. In civil life
Wit makes an enterpriser, Sense a man.
Wit hates authority, commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In states 'tis dangerous ; in religion, death.
Shall Wit turn Christian when the dull believe ?
Sense is our helmet, Wit is but the plume ;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
When cut by Wit it casts a brighter beam ;
Yet Wit apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought ;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool,
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock ! warn thee shun,
Where sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
A joy in which our reason bears no part,

Is but a sorrow, tickling ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know :—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point ;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse,
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before ;
An animal ovation ! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, through the well-toned tubes, well
strain'd ;
A nice machine ! scarce ever tuned aright ;
And when it jars—thy sirens sing no more ;
Thy dance is done ; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis !) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immersed, or fell despair.
Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
And startle at destruction ? if thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
(A field of battle is this mortal life !)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart,
A single sentence proof against the world.
' Soul, body, fortune ; every good pertains
To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God.'
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? do this :
The inverted pyramid can never stand.
Is this truth doubtful ? it outshines the Sun ;

Nay, the Sun shines not but to show us this,
 The single lesson of mankind on earth :
 And yet—yet what ? No news ! mankind is mad ;
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve !)
 They talk themselves to something like belief
 That all earth's joys are theirs ; as Athens' fool
 Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.

They grin, but wherefore ? and how long the
 laugh ?

Half ignorance their mirth, and half a lie.
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they
 smile :

Hard either task ! the most abandon'd own
 That others, if abandon'd, are undone :
 Then for themselves, the moment Reason wakes,
 (And Providence denies it long repose)
 O how laborious is their gaiety !
 They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
 And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
 Scarce, did I say ? some cannot sit it out ;
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And show us what their joy by their despair.

The clotted hair ! gored breast ! blaspheming eye !
 Its impious fury still alive in death !
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heaven denies
 A cover to such guilt, and so should man.
 Look round, Lorenzo ! see the reeking blade,
 The envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball ;
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream ;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays,
 From raging riot, (slower suicides !)
 And pride in these, more execrable still !

How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, these,
That vouch the truth, and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd :
Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour :
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.

O for a joy from reason ! joy from that
Which makes man man, and, exercised aright,
Will make him more : a bounteous joy ! that gives
And promises ; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace :
A joy ambitious ! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far :
A joy high-privileged from chance, time, death !
A joy which death shall double, judgment crown !
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through bless'd Eternity's long day, yet still
Not more remote from sorrow than from him,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.

There, O my Lucia ! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss !

Affects not this the sages of the world ?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too ?
Eternity, depending on an hour, [praise.
Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your
designs

May shun the light) at your designs on Heaven ;
Sole point ! where overbashful is your blame.
Are you not wise ?—you know you are : yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous schemes mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen ;
‘ Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,

Is the sole difference between wise and fool?—
 All worthy men will weigh you in this scale :
 What wonder then, if they pronounce you light ?
 Is their esteem alone not worth your care ?
 Accept my simple scheme of common sense,
 Thus save your fame, and make two worlds your
 own.

The world replies not ;—but the world persists,
 And puts the cause off to the longest day,
 Planning evasions for the day of doom :
 So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
 They then turn witnesses against themselves.
 Hear that, Lorenzo ! nor be wise to-morrow.
 Haste, haste ! a man, by nature, is in haste ?
 For who shall answer for another hour ?
 'Tis highly prudent to make one sure friend,
 And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of Earth ! (nor willing to be more !)
 Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat
 free,
 Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
 (Truths which, at church, you might have heard
 in prose)
 Has ventured into light, well pleased the verse
 Should be forgot, if you the truths retain,
 And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
 But praise she need not fear : I see my fate,
 And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
 Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
 Must die, and die unwept ; O thou minute,
 Devoted page ! go forth among thy foes ;
 Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
 And die a double death : mankind, incensed,
 Denies thee long to live ; nor shalt thou rest

When thou art dead ; in Stygian shades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the World !
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And volunteers around his banner swarm ;
Prudent, as Prussia in her zeal for Gaul.

‘ Are all, then, fools ? ’ Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all
But such as hold this doctrine, (new to thee)
‘ The mother of true wisdom is the will : ’
The noblest intellect, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace ;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the most indulgence can afford,—
‘ Thy wisdom all can do but—make thee wise.’
Nor think this censure is severe on thee :
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

THE CONSOLATION.

NIGHT IX.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

- I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.
- II. A NIGHT ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

— Fatis contraria sata rependens. VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day pass'd
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while his labour lost ;
Then, cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose ;
Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where Disappointment smiles at Hope's career,
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have housed me in an humble shed,
Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,

I chase the moments with a serious song.

Song sooths our pains, and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embraced
at heart, [shade,

Torn from my bleeding breast, and Death's dark
Which hovers o'er me, quench the' ethereal fire,
Canst thou, O Night ! indulge one labour more ?
One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
Till, haply, waked by Raphael's golden tyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,
To bear a part in everlasting lays ; [cease,
Though far, far higher set ; in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the Muse asserted pleasures pure,
Like those above, exploding other joys ?

Weigh what was urged, Lorenzo ; fairly weigh,
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?

I think thou wilt forbear a boast so bold :

But if, beneath the favour of mistake,

Thy smile's sincere ; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.

The sick in body call for aid ; the sick

In mind are covetous of more disease ; [well.
And, when at worst, they dream themselves quite

To know ourselves diseased, is half our cure.

When Nature's blush by custom is wiped off,
And Conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,

Has into manners naturalized our crimes,

The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;

To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,

(As Indians glory in the deepest jet)

And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;
Grant joy and glory quite unsullied shone ;

Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its sables wove by Destiny ;
And that in sorrow buried, this in shame ;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell,
And Conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise ! Has Death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?
'Tis brandish'd still, nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread, of feeble life, a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but Deaths
Turn'd flatterers of Life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvass, or the featured stone ?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene :
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

‘ Profess'd diversions ! cannot these escape ? —
Far from it : these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime ; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement. How like gods
We sit ; and, wrapp'd in immortality,

Shed generous tears on wretches born to die ;
Their fate deplored, to forget our own !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath, a rich manure ?
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

Lorenzo ! such the glories of the world !
What is the world itself ? thy world ?—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors.
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep :
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the Sun exhales ;
Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry :
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire :
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils,
As Nature wide our ruins spread. Man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires ;
His tomb is mortal ; empires die : where, now,
The Roman ? Greek ? they stalk, an empty name !
Yet few regard them in this useful light,
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death ! I stretch my view, what visions rise !

What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-famed ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !
 The melancholy ghosts of dead Renown,
 Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride ;
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed World
 I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her : o'er her urn
 Reclined, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophesies
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames :
 But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain :
 In vain to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loath to know,
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?
 Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful powers !
 Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in eaves
 Distinet, apart, the giant furies roar ;
 Apart, or such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage.
 When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
 These are let loose alternate : down they rush,

Swift and tempestuous, from the' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy ;
And ease Creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo ! what depends on man ?
The fate of Nature, as for man her birth.
Earth's actors change Earth's transitory scenes,
And make Creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters ! At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines : all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain height
Outburns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;
Stars rush, and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er Creation !—while aloft,
More than astonishment ! if more can be !
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man ! far other stars !
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
Far other sun !—a Sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlehem ! how unlike the Man
That groan'd on Calvary !—yet He it is ;
That Man of sorrows ! Oh how changed ! what pomp !
In grandeur terrible all Heaven descends !
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.

And now, all dross removed, Heaven's own pure
Full on the confines of our ether flames, [day,
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In Nature's course, the first in Wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; this awakes
The most supine; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo! then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And worldly Fancy feeds on golden dreams,
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour;
At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness, sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood, Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is
too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale!

Great day ! for which all other days were made ;
For which earth rose from Chaos, man from earth,
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man !
Great day of dread, decision, and despair !
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world,
And catches at each reed of hope in Heaven.
At thought of thee !—and art thou absent then ?
Lorenzo ! no ; 'tis here ;—it is begun :—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all : deputed Conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;
Forestalls, and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?
Is idle Nature laughing at her sons ?
Who Conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they ! that enter now the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms : but how rare,
Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !
What hero, like the man who stands himself ;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolved to silence future murinurs there !
The coward flies, and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward ? no :) the coward flies ;
Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to know :
Asks ' What is truth ? ' with Pilate, and retires ;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng
Asylum sad ! from Reason, Hope, and Heaven !

Shall all but man look out with ardent eye

For that great day which was ordain'd for man ?
 O day of consummation ! mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King !
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order rising, blaze o'er blaze,
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,
 Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
 Angels look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord,
 To vindicate his glory ; and for thee
 Creation universal calls aloud
 To disinvolve the moral world, and give
 To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
 I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !
 All Nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !
 All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing !
 All basking in the full meridian blaze !
 I see the judge enthroned ! the flaming guard !
 The volume open'd ! open'd every heart !
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought !
 No patron ! intercessor none ! now pass'd
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
 For guilt no plea ! to pain no pause ! no bound !
 Inexorable all ! and all extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder sear'd,
 Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
 All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace.
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads,
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

"Tis present to my thought!—and yet where is
 Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess [it?
 The period, from created beings lock'd
 In darkness; but the process and the place
 Are less obscure; for these may man inquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
 Great end! and great beginning! say, where art
 Art thou in time, or in eternity? [thou?
 Nor in eternity nor time I find thee:
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all elapsed or unarrived!)
 As in debate, how best their powers allied
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath
 Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
 With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head,
 'Tis lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd, from beneath
 The frown of hideous darkness calls his sons
 From their long slumber, from earth's heaving
 womb,

To second birth! contemporary throng!
 Roused at one call, upstarted from one bed,
 Press'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
 He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee:
 Then (as a king deposed disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe, nor falls alone;
 His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he
 Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.

Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
 Awful Eternity! offended queen!
 And her resentment to mankind how just!
 With kind intent, soliciting access,
 How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
 Rich to repay their hospitality,

How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !
A dream, a cheat, now all things but her smile.

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole, [wide,
With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions louder than the deep in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness, in a middle field,
Wide as creation ! populous as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark the' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand result ;
Ages as yet unnumber'd but by God,
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence pass'd,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial. What ensues ?
The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through Destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt on both their fates ;
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom, there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole ethereal ! how the concave rings !
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
And louder far than when Creation rose,
To see Creation's godlike aim and end,
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely closed !
To see the mighty Dramatist's last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancied God ; a God, indeed, descends,
To solve all knots ; to strike the moral home ;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of time ;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause,
And the vast void beyond applause resounds.

What then am I ?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains ?
Censure on thee, Lorenzo ! I suspend,
And turn it on myself ; how greatly due !
All, all is right, by God ordain'd or done ;
And who, but God, resumed the friends He gave ?
And have I been complaining, then, so long ?
Complaining of his favours, pain and death ?
Who, without Pain's advice, would e'er be good ?
Who, without Death, but would be good in vain ?
Pain is to save from pain ; all punishment
To make for peace ; and death to save from death ;
And second death to guard immortal life ;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,

And turn the tide of souls another way ;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies. [scene ;

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.

All evils natural are moral goods ;

All discipline indulgence, on the whole.

None are unhappy ; all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.

Our faults are at the bottom of our pains :

Error in act, or judgment, is the source

Of endless sighs. We sin, or we mistake ;

And Nature tax, when false opinion stings.

Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulged ;

But chiefly then, when Grief puts in her claim.

Joy from the joyous frequently betrays,

Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy amidst ills, corroborates, exalts ;

'Tis joy and conquest ; joy and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in ills delights

Heaven, earth, ourselves ; 'tis duty, glory, peace !

Affliction is the good man's shining scene,

Prosperity conceals his brightest ray.

As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,

And virtue in calamities, admire.

The crown of manhood is a winter joy ;

An evergreen that stands the northern blast,

And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know

How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;

A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,

Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,

Nor think it misery to be a man ;
 Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
 What spoke proud Passion ?—‘ Wish my being
 lost’ ?

Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !
 The triumph of my soul is,—that I am ;
 And therefore that I may be—what ? Lorenzo !
 Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs,
 In golden veins, through all eternity !
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
 New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
 Which courts, each night, dull slumber for repair,
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
 And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;
 And (if deserved) by Heaven’s redundant love,
 Made half-adorable itself, adore ;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy !
 Where thou, not master of a moment here,
 Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
 Mayst boast a whole eternity, enrich’d
 With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
 Since Adam fell, no mortal uninspired,
 Has ever yet conceived, or ever shall,
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
 No man too largely from Heaven’s love can hope,
 If what is hoped he labours to secure.

‘ Ills !—there are none : All-gracious ! none from
 Thee ;
 From man full many ! Numerous is the race
 Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,

¹ Referring to the First Night.

Begot by Madness on fair Liberty,
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! her hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
Fast barr'd by thine ; high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law,
Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions
guides,
Assisting, not restraining, Reason's choice ;
Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus an indulgent father warns his sons,
' Do this, fly that ;'—nor always tells the cause ;
Pleased to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are these on which to build our trust !
Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
Or this alone,—That none is to be found :
Not one, to soften Censure's hardy crime ;
Not one, to palliate peevish Grief's complaint,
Who, like a demon, murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her judge.—Supreme !
For all I bless Thee ; most for the severe ;
Her death²—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !
It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;
It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain : its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,

Great Source of good alone ! how kind in all !
In vengeance kind ! pain, death, gehenna, save !
Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind !
Not that alone which solaces and shines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring ;
The thunder as the sun. A stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying storms.
The dread volcano ministers to good ;
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man :
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd ;
And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills received ;
Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stand this the foremost, 'That my heart has bled.'
'Tis Heaven's last effort of good-will to man.
When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair !
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be bless'd ;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart.
Reason absolves the grief which reason ends.
May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well
By previous pain, and made it safe to smile !
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain,
Nor hazard their extinction from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands ;
The Consolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'erlabour'd, and inclined to breathe,
 A panting traveller some rising ground,
 Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
 And measures with his eye the various vale,
 The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd,
 And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
 Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil ;
 Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
 The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod,
 Various, extensive, beaten but by few ;
 And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
 Pause, and with pleasure meditate an end,
 Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
 Through many a field of moral and divine
 The Muse has stray'd, and much of sorrow seen
 In human ways, and much of false and vain,
 Which none who travel this bad road can miss.
 O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept ;
 Of love divine the wonders she display'd ;
 Proved man immortal ; show'd the source of joy ;
 The grand tribunal raised ; assign'd the bounds
 Of human grief. In few, to close the whole,
 The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Though not in form, nor with a Raphael stroke,
 Of most our weakness needs believe or do,
 In this our land of travail and of hope,
 For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

Whatthen remains ? much ! much ! a mighty debt
 To be discharged. These thoughts, O Night ! are
 thine ;

From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
 While others slept. So Cynthia, (poets feign)
 In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheer'd ; of her enamour'd less

Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal Silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To sooth their goddess?

O majestic Night!

Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs (Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so worthy to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme!
What to be sung so needful, what so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, His face design'd to see
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength
Which best may qualify for final joy.
The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of heaven.

Heaven's King ! whose face unveil'd consum-
mates bliss,

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void
The whole Creation leaves in human hearts !
Thou ! who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapp'd in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres,
While of thy works material the Supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song :
Loose me from Earth's enclosure ; from the Sun's
Contracted circle set my heart at large ;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplored ;
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee :
Teach me with art great Nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.
Feel I thy kind assent ? and shall the Sun
Be seen at midnight, rising in my song ? [heart,

Lorenzo ! come, and warm thee : thou, whose
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh ;
Another ocean calls, a nobler port ;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale :
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main,
Main without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore,
And whence thou mayst import eternal wealth,
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms !
Thou stranger to the world ! thy tour begin ;
Thy tour through Nature's universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole.

Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own he never was from home before.
Come, my Prometheus³! from thy pointed rock
Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars;
A theft that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning: 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze,
Elance thy thought, and think of more than man:
Thy soul, till now contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of Earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as shine. At Nature's birth
Thus their commission ran.—'Be kind to man.'
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller! [fail.
The stars will light thee, though the moon should
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? the stars call thee back,
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,

³ See Night the Eighth, p. 18;

And every student of the night inspires.
 'Tis elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand ;
 Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.
 Lorenzo ! with my radius (the rich gift
 Of thought nocturnal) I'll point out to thee
 Its various lessons ; some that may surprise
 An unadvent in mysteries of Night ;
 Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
 Nor thought to grow on planet or on star ;
 Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign,
 Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
 Exists, indeed,—a lecture to mankind !

What read we here ?—the' existence of a God ?
 Yes : and of other beings, man above ;
 Natives of ether ! sons of higher climes !
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
 Eternity is written in the skies.
 And whose eternity ?—Lorenzo ! thine ;
 Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
 Virtue grows here ; here springs the sovereign cure
 Of almost every vice, but chiefly thine,
 Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo ! thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Though not on morals bent. Ambition, Pleasure !
 Those tyrants I for thee so lately fought⁴,
 Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
 Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze prime dawn of day,
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commenceng one of our antipodes !
 In thy nocturnal rove one moment halt,
 'Twixt stage and stage of riot and cabal,

⁴ In Night the Eighth.

And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injured Heaven)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful on man's astonish'd sight
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride,
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that Power
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcomed on heaven's coast with most ap-
plause,
An humble, pure, and heavenly-minded heart,
Are here inspired;—and canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath deprived of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, received, return'd,
Enlightening and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting and attracted! patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.
Thus man his sovereign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
 Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !
 Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found
 As rightly set, as are the starry spheres :
 'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn Will,
 Breeds all that unceas'tal discord there.
 Wilt thou not feel the bias Nature gave ?
 Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
 And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what ?—a
 clod ?

An inch of earth ? The planets cry, ' Forbear.'
 They chase our double darkness, Nature's gloom,
 And (kinder still !) our intellectual night.

And see, Day's amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;
 With gain and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
 And deep reception in the' entender'd heart ;
 While light peeps through the darkness like a spy,
 And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I this moment feel ?
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck,
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise !)
 Then into transport starting from her trance,
 With love and admiration how she glows !
 This gorgeous apparatus ! this display !

This ostentation of creative power !
This theatre !—what eye can take it in ?
By what divine enchantment was it raised,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore ?
One Sun by day, by night ten thousand shine,
And light us deep into the Deity ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of heaven
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart :
My heart, at once, it humbles and exalts ;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted, or unawed ?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of Omnipotence !
Inanimate, all-animating birth !
Work worthy him who made it ! worthy praise !
All praise ! praise more than human ! nor deny'd
Thy praise divine !—But though man, drown'd in
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake ; [sleep,
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once
The temple and the preacher ! O how loud
It calls Devotion ! genuine growth of Night !
Devotion ! daughter of Astronomy !
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True ; all things speak a God ; but in the small,
Men trace out Him ; in great, He seizes man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills

With new inquiries, mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
Ye starr'd and planeted inhabitants ! what is it ?
What are these sons of wonder ? Say, proud Arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition ! in disdain
Of limit, built ! built in the taste of heaven !
Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity ?—
Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And strengthens thy difflusive ; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an Universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restored,
O Nature ! wide flies off the' expanding round :
As when whole magazines, at once, are fired,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow,
The vast displosion dissipates the clouds,
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies ;
Thus (but far more) the' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation ; reinflamed,
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense :
For sure to sense they truly are divine,
And half absolved idolatry from guilt,
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
In those, who put forth all they had of man
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher :
But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd, and thought

What was their highest must be their adored.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo ! those to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness to believe?
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside
All measure in his work? stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the bosom of his Universe [man !
Dropp'd down that reasoning mite, that insect,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in himself.
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? shall mysteries descend
From unmysterious? things more elevate,
Be more familiar? uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in Him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive him, God he could not be;
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God:
Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo ! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing but what astonishes, is true.
The scene thou seest attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this cost of heaven,
If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believed;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.

The grand of Nature is the' Almighty's oath,
In Reason's court, to silence Unbelief.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires !
Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, He resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess ?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy,
A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye ? Lorenzo ! rouse ;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinced ?
Renounces reason, or a God adores ?
Mankind was sent into the world to see :
Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;
That obvious science asks small learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?
Or travel history's enormous round ?
Nature no such hard task enjoins : she gave
A make to man directive of his thought ;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, ' Read thy chief lesson there.'
Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.
Lesson how various ! not the God alone,
I see his ministers ; I see, diffused
In radiant orders, essences sublime,

Of various offices, of various plume,
In heavenly liveries distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Listening to catch the Master's least command,
And fly through nature ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceived
By Pagan and by Christian! O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown; for who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine mind
(For which alone inanimate was made)
More sparingly dispensed? that nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellency, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us:
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds.
Perhaps a thousand demigods descend
On every beam we see, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! stronger restraint from ill!

Yet here, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault:
With just attention is it view'd? we feel
A sudden succour, unimplored, unthought.
Nature herself does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean excavated grotts,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide,
From Nature's structure, or the scoop of Time;

If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 E'en these an aggrandizing impulse give;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
 E'en these infuse.—But what of vast in these?
 Nothing—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in art.—Vain Art! thou pigmy power!
 How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
 To show thy littleness! What childish toys,
 Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
 Thy bason'd rivers and imprison'd seas!
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
 Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those
 Where three days' travel left us much to ride;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding gardens pendent in mid air!
 Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
 Yet these affect us in no common kind:
 What then the force of such superior scenes?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
 What awe from this the Deity has built?
 A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives:
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise.
 In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of God.
 Seems it not then enough to say, Lorenzo,
 To man abandon'd, 'Hast thou seen the skies?'

And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial Art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,

And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and Murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots and foul conspiracies awake,
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.

What shall I do?—suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why sleeps the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure, and laughs at gods and men.
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heaven,
Yet shrink and shudder at a mortal's sight.
Were moon and stars for villains only made
To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answer'd once, when mortals
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent, [lived
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
Those ancient sages, human stars! they met
Their brothers of the skies at midnight hour,
Their counsel ask'd, and what they ask'd obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba, (immortal names!)
In these unbounded and Elysian walks,
An area fit for gods and godlike men,

They took their nightly round, through radiant paths,

By seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below,
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth ;
Of hopes eternal kindled there the fire ;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants !) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
Through various virtues they, with ardour, ran
The zodiac of their learn'd illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal !
A needful, but opprobrious prayer ! as much
Our ardour less, as greater is our light.
How monstrous this in morals ! Scarce more
strange

Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
A sun that froze us, or a star that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
To these thou givest thy praise, give credit too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee,
And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That narrow views betray to misery ;
That wise it is to comprehend the whole ;
That virtue rose from Nature ; ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to Heaven ;
That God and Nature our attention claim ;
That Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere ;
That mind immortal loves immortal aims ;
That boundless mind affects a boundless space ;
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,

The soul assimilate, and make her great ;
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; such the Night inspired.
And what more true ? what truth of greater
weight ?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies,
Delightful outlet of her prison here !
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large ;
There freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers,
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor as a stranger does she wander there,
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays ;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own ;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleased, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air,
And feels herself at home among the stars,
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo ?—
As earth the body, since the skies sustain
The soul with food that gives immortal life,
Call it the noble pasture of the mind,
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial, moral fruit to man.
Call it the breast-plate of the true High-priest,

Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response ;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus have we found a true astrology ;
Thus have we found a new and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fates.
O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed and havoc on embattled realms,
And rescued monarchs from so black a guilt !
Bourbon ! this wish how generous in a foe ?
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point ?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners ;
Bastile, thy tutor ; grandeur, all thy aim ?
And yet thou know'st not what it is. How great,
How glorious, then appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars and planets roll !
And what it seems, it is. Great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ;
Those still more godlike as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end !
An Eden this ! a Paradise unlost !
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the tree of life !
For here it grows unguarded from our taste ;
No flaming sword denies our entrance here :
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo ! much of moral hast thou seen :
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? then mark

The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, Chance and Fate,
Are left to finish his aerial towers ;
Wisdom and Choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impress, and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendour void of use.
Use rivals beauty, art contends with power ;
No wanton waste amid effuse expense,
The great Economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect ! and for ever new ;
And newest, to the man that views it most ;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then these aerial racers, O how swift !
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string ;
Spirit alone can distance the career,
Orb above orb ascending, without end !
Circle in circle, without end, enclosed !
Wheel within wheel, Ezekiel, like to thine !
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ;
Though seen, we labour to believe it true !
What involution ! what extent ! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth ! immensely great !
Immensely distant from each other's spheres !
What, then, the wondrous space through which
they roll ?

At once it quite ingulfs all human thought ;
'Tis Comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here :
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat and chastest order reign.
The path prescribed, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.

Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere :
What knots are tied ! how soon are they dissolved,
And set the seeming married planets free !
They rove for ever, without error rove ;
Confusion unconfused ! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !
In motion all ! yet what profound repose !
What fervid action, yet no noise ! as awed
To silence by the presence of their Lord ;
Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On you cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of his praise !
But since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power.
Mark how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cipher of Omnipotence ;
To gods how great ! how legible to man !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?
Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
The'incumbent load ? what magie, what strange art,
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains ?—
Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?—
And so they are ; in the high will of Heaven,
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all, if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad

And towering Alps, all toss'd into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time and measure exquisite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft,
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing ?—what then worlds
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends ?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance or of love,
To clothe in outward grandeur grand design,
And acts more solemn still more solemnize ?
Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulged in such a sight !
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
It drops new truths at every new survey !
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end. [take
The boundless space, through which these rovers
Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind Nature's skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight ;
And an eternity for man ordain'd,
Or these his destined midnight counsellors,

The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons :
Could she, then, kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it ?—That is blasphemy !
Thus of thy creed a second article,
Momentous as the' existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought,
And thou mayst read thy soul immortal here.

Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell ;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies ?—this is one divinely bright ;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.
He, wise as thou, no Crescent holds so fair
As that which on his turban awes a world,
And thinks the Moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain' more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of power.
Thou, muffled in delusions of this life !
Can yonder moon turn Ocean in his bed
From side to side in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms ?
And fails her moral influence ? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on earth's infected shore,
And purge from misance his corrupted heart ?
Fails her attraction, when it draws to Heaven ?
Nay, and to what thou valuest more, earth's joy ?
Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,
And defecate from sense, alone obtain
Full relish of existence undeflower'd,
The life of life, the zest of worldiy bliss ;
All else on earth amounts—to what ? to this :

‘ Bad to be suffer’d, blessings to be left :’
Earth’s richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be then the call obey’d.
O let me gaze !—of gazing there’s no end.
O let me think !—thought, too, is wilder’d here ;
In mid-way flight Imagination tires ;
Yet soon reprimed her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear or gain ;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan !
A banquet this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same manna, mingle Earth and Heaven.
How distant some of these nocturnal suns !
So distant (says the sage) ’twere not absurd
To doubt if beams, set out at Nature’s birth,
Are yet arrived at this so foreign world,
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever. Who can satiate sight
In such a scene ? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment ? where depth, height,
breadth,
Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph’s computation fails.
Now go, Ambition ! boast thy boundless might
In conquest o’er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less, than is already thine ?
Thou art no novice in theology ;
What is a miracle ?—’Tis a reproach,
’Tis an implicit satire on mankind,
And while it satisfies, it censures too.
To common sense great Nature’s course proclaims
A Deity : When mankind falls asleep,

A miracle is sent as an alarm
To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,
By recent argument, but not more strong.
Say which imports more plenitude of power,
Or Nature's laws to fix, or to repeal ?
To make a Sun, or stop his mid career ?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted East,
Warm'd and astonish'd at his evening ray ;
Or bid the Moon, as with her journey tired,
In Ajalon's soft flowery vale repose ?
Great things are these ? still greater to create.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole
Of miracles ;—resistless is their power ? [train
They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,
If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but spangles here ; the fool, no more.
Say'st thou, ' The course of Nature governs all ?'
The course of Nature is the Art of God.
The miracles, thou call'st for, this attest ;
For say, could Nature Nature's course control ?

But, miracles apart, who sees him not
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End ?
Who turns his eye on Nature's midnight face,
But must inquire—' What hand behind the scene,
What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine ?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs ?
Who bowld them flaming through the dark pro-
found,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,

And set the bosom of old Night on fire,
Peopled her desert, and made Horror smile ?
Or if the military style delights thee, [man)
(For stars have fought their battles, leagued with
'Who marshals this bright host ? enrolls their names,
Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
Punctual, at stated periods ? who disbands
These veteran troops, their final duty done,
If e'er disbanded ?—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levied first their powers
In Night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames;
Arranged, and disciplined, and clothed in gold,
And call'd them out of Chaos to the field,
Where now they war with Vice and Unbelief.
O let us join this army ! joining these
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night ;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all !

Struck at that thought, as new-awaked, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious, and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore,
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time ! ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd !
Since that authentic, radiant register, [him ;
Though man inspects it not, stands good against
Since you and years roll on, though man stands still,
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom, now beyond

All shadow of excuse for fooling on.

Age smooths our path to prudence ; sweeps aside
The snares keen appetite and passion spread
To catch stray souls ; and woe to that gray head
Whose folly would undo what age has done !

Aid, then, aid, all ye Stars !—Much rather Thou,
Great Artist ! Thou whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Though interwolved, exact ; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an index fair as none can miss
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is closed.

Open mine eye, dread Deity ! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time, Eternity !

('Tis these, mismeasured, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me ; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is ;
And let Eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heaven.

When shall I see far more than charms me now,
Gaze on Creation's model in thy breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ?
When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off ?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, readopted to thy bless'd embrace,
Obtain her apotheosis in thee ?—

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide ?
No ; 'tis directly striking at the mark.
To wake thy dead devotion was my point ;

And how I bless Night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn an universe ;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In every storm, that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer !
And what a fane is this, in which to pray !
And what a God must dwell in such a fane !
O what a genius must inform the skies !
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold, and untouched, amid these sacred fires ?
O ye nocturnal sparks ! ye glowing embers,
On Heaven's broad hearth ! Who burn, or burn
no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you or forbears, assist my song !
Pour your whole influence ; exercise his heart,
So long possess'd, and bring him back to man.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer still ?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths which, contested, put thy parts to shame :
Nor shaine they more Lorenzo's head than heart,
A faithless heart, how despicably small !
Too straight, aught great or generous to receive !
Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd and foul'd with self !
And self-mistaken ! self, that lasts an hour !
Instincts and passions of the nobler kind
Lie suffocated there ; or they alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope, and open,
To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,
Where Order, Wisdom, Goodness, Providence,
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.
The mind that would be happy must be great ;

Great in its wishes, great in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend,
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
A man of compass makes a man of worth :
Divine contemplate, and become divine !

As man was made for glory and for bliss,
All littleness is an approach to woe.
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood ; let in happiness ;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God ; which makes a man.
Take God from Nature, nothing great is left ;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees ;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
See thy distress ! how close art thou besieged !
Besieged by Nature, the proud sceptic's foe !
Enclosed by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence,
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief !
From this thy bless'd captivity what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free !
This scene is Heaven's indulgent violence ;
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?
What is earth, bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But faith in God imposed, and press'd on man ?
Darest thou still litigate thy desperate cause,
Spite of these numerous, awful witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies ?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin !
Laborious ? 'tis impracticable quite :

To sink beyond a doubt in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.
'God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
These gross material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as man a God can see.
In these astonishing exploits of power,
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Concoction of design, how exquisite!
How complicate in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!—
Each attribute of these material gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) adored,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought,
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.'

Lorenzo! this may seem harangue to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
Of this great master-moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclined, to read it there?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear,
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And for thy notice struggle with the world.
Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call
home;—

Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
Wake all to Reason?—let her reign alone;—
Then in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,

As I have done, and shall inquire no more.

In Nature's channel thus the questions run :

‘What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
 But that I am; and since I am, conclude
 Something eternal; had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been: eternal there must be.—
 But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceived, since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal
 too?—

Grant matter was eternal, still these orbs
 Would want some other father;—much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
 Design implies intelligence and art;
 That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater yet allow'd, than man.—
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust:
 Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed?
 Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd

In mathematics ? has it framed such laws,
Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man !
If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block,—a Godhead reigns !—
Grant, then, invisible, eternal Mind ;
That granted, all is solved :—but granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud ?
Grant I not that, which I can ne'er conceive ?
A being without origin or end !—
Hail, human Liberty ! there is no God—
Yet why ? on either scheme that knot subsists ;
Subsist it must, in God or human race ;
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all ?—why choose it there
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more ?
Reject it where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispersed, leave Reason's whole horizon clear ?—
This is not Reason's dictate ; Reason says,
Close with the side where one grain turns the scale :
What vast preponderance is here ! can Reason
With louder voice exclaim—“ Believe a God ?”
And Reason heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system ! and how strange
To disbelieve, through mere credulity !

If in this chain Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds ?
And if a God there is, that God how great !
How great that Power whose providential care

Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray !
Of Nature universal threads the whole !
And hangs Creation, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne !

That little gem, how large ! A weight let fall
From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach
This distant earth ? Say, then, Lorenzo ! where,
Where ends this mighty building ? where begin
The suburbs of Creation ? where the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence ? Nothing's strange abode !
Say at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by ;
Weigh'd worlds, and measured infinite no more ?
Where rears his terminating pillar high
Its extramundane head ? and says to gods,
In characters illustrious as the Sun,
' I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd ; the Creation closed :
Shout, all ye Gods ! nor shout, ye Gods, alone ;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life, [sound !
That rests, or rolls ; ye Heights and Depths, re-
Resound ! resound ! ye Depths and Heights, re-
sound !'

Hard are those questions !—answer harder still.
Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of Power Divine ?
Or has the' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant Space ?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother creations the dark bowels burst
Of Night primeval, barren now no more ?
And He, the central Sun, transpiercing all
Those giant generations, which disport
And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray ;

That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd
In that abyss of horror whence they sprung ;
While Chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all
Rival Creation ravish'd from his throne ?

Chaos ! of Nature both the womb and grave !

Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide ?

Is this extravagant ?—No ; this is just ;
Just in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most High.
But wherefore error ? who can prove it such ?—
He that can set Omnipotence a bound.

Can man conceive beyond what God can do ?

Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard.

He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain.

Speaks he the word ? a thousand worlds are born !
A thousand worlds ! there's space for millions more ;
And in what space can his great fiat fail ?

Condemn me not, cold critic ! but indulge

The warm imagination : why condemn ?

Why not indulge such thoughts as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that Power

Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
swell !

Why not indulge in his augmented praise ?

Darts not his glory a still brighter ray,

The less is left to Chaos, and the realms

Of hideous Night, where Fancy strays aghast,
And, though most talkative, makes no report ?

Still seems my thought enormous ? think again ;—
Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses, (that revelation to the sight !)

Have they not led us in the deep disclose

Of fine-spun Nature, exquisitely small,
And, though demonstrated, still ill conceived ?
If, then, on the reverse the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poise ?
Defect alone can err on such a theme :
What is too great, if we the cause survey ?
Stupendous Architect ! Thou, Thou, art all !
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still !
I AM, thy name ! existence, all thine own !
Creation's nothing, flatter'd much, if styled
' The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.'

O for the voice—of what ? of whom ?—what voice
Can answer to my wants, in such ascent
As dares to deem one universe too small ?
Tell me, Lorenzo ! (for now Fancy glows,
Fired in the vortex of almighty power)
Is not this home-creation, in the map
Of universal Nature, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball ;
Exceeding fair and glorious, for its size,
But, elsewhere, far outmeasured, far outshone ?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
Too small for notice in the vast of being ;
Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space
From other realms ; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ;
Less northern, less remote from Deity.
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme,
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths, nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods ?

Yet why drown Fancy in such depths as these ?

Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
The bounds of man, nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen ?
Full ample the dominions of the Sun !
Full glorious to behold ! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built ;
And He alone who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this city why strays human thought ?
One wonderful, enough for man to know !
One infinite, enough for man to range !
One firmament, enough for man to read !
O what voluminous instruction here !
What page of wisdom is denied him ? none,
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction here our only gain :
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
The planets heard ; and not unheard in Hell ;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is earth, then, more infernal ? has she those
Who neither praise (Lorenzo !) nor admire ?

Lorenzo's admiration, preengaged,
Ne'er ask'd the Moon one question ? never held
Least correspondence with a single star ;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heaven
Walking in brightness, or her train adored.

Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; stars malign,
Which made the fond astronomer run mad;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight:
Idolater more gross, than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O Thou great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine Instructor! Thy first volume this
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon and stars (Heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblazed to seize the sight, who runs may read;
Who reads can understand. 'Tis unconfined
To Christian land or Jewry; fairly writ,
In language universal, to mankind;
A language lofty to the learn'd, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain:
A language worthy the great Mind that speaks!
Preface and comment to the sacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As presupposing his first lesson there,
And Scripture 'self a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a new Creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key

Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene,—and show
The Mighty Potentate to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around, I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for Him who made her
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his
throne?

[round

Thou know'st, for thou art near Him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred Fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port?
On which hand must I bend my course to find him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake, and, waking, climb Night's radiant scale
From sphere to sphere, the steps by Nature set
For man's ascent, at once to tempt and aid;
To tempt his eye, and aid his towering thought,
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,

From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount; diminish'd earth recedes:
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,
Pierce Heaven's blue curtain; strike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial airy journey takes,
And to celestial lengthens human sight.
I pause at every planet on my road,
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which of earths an army might be lost,
With the bold comet take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonder burning round,
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps the villas of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake:
The grandeur of his works, whence Folly sought
For aid, to Reason sets His glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worm to Him)
O where, Lorenzo, must the builder dwell?
Pause then, and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—where is earth?—nay, where art
thou,
O Sun!—Is the Sun turn'd recluse?—and are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?—
To mine how short! On Nature's Alps I stand,

And see a thousand firmaments beneath !
A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !
So much a stranger, and so late arrived,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd ?

‘ O ye, as distant from my little home
As swiftest sunbeams in an age can fly ;
Far from my native element I roam,
In quest of new and wonderful, to man.
What province this, of his immense domain,
Whom all obeys ? or mortals here, or gods ?
Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss ! what are you ?
A colony from Heaven ? or only raised, [realms,
By frequent visit from Heaven's neighbouring
To secondary gods, and half divine ?—
Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,
Far other life you live, far other tongue
You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
Than man. How various are the works of God !
But say, what thought ? Is Reason here enthroned,
And absolute ? or Sense in arms against her ?
Have you two lights ? or need you no reveal'd ?
Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?
And had your Eden an abstemious Eve ?
Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
And ask their Adams—‘ Who would not be wise ?
Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd ?
And, if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd ?
Is this your final residence ? if not,
Change you your scene translated, or by death ?
And if by death, what death ?—Know you disease ?
Or horrid war ?—With war, this fatal hour,
Europa groans, (so call we a small field

Where kings run mad). In our world, Death de-
Intemperance to do the work of Age, [putes
And, hanging up the quiver Nature gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch
Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay
Their sheep, (the silly sheep they fleeced before)
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Sit all your executioners on thrones?
With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
And bloodshed wash out every other stain?—
But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross
Your spirits clean are delicately clad
In fine-spun ether, privileged to soar,
Unloaded, uninfected. How unlike
The lot of man! how few of human race
By their own mud unmurder'd! how we wage
Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
Of hardy conflict o'er? or are you still
Raw candidates at school? and have you those
Who disaflect reversions, as with us?—
But what are we? you never heard of man,
Or earth, the bedlam of the universe!
Where Reason (undiseased with you) runs mad.
And nurses Folly's children as her own,
Fond of the foulest. In the saered mount
Of Holiness, where Reason is pronounced
Infallible, and thunders like a god,
E'en there, by saints the demons are outdone;
What these think wrong, our saints refine to right;
And kindly teach dull Hell her own black arts;
Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.—
But this how strange to you, who know not man!
Has the least rumour of our race arrived?
Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car?

Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road
To those fair fields whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
O that the fiend had lodged on some broad orb
Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
Then blacken'd earth, with footsteps foul'd in Hell,
Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he pass'd
To Britain's isle; too, too conspicuous there.'

But this is all digression: where is He
That o'er Heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkness? where is He
Who sees Creation's summit in a vale?
He whom, while man is man, he can't but seek,
And if he finds, commences more than man?
O for a telescope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or bless'd above!
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell
Where your Great Master's orb! his planets where?
Those conscious satellites, those morning stars,
First-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration most profound, thrown off;
By sweet attraction no less strongly drawn;
Awed, and yet raptured; raptured, yet serene;
Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In still approaching circles still remote,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal Sire?
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
To nations—in what latitude?—beyond
Terrestrial thought's horizon!—and on what
High errands sent?—Here human effort ends,
And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road;

Born in an age more curious than devout,
More fond to fix the place of heaven or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious, path
That leads me to my point. Lorenzo ! know,
Without or star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him. Humble Love,
And not prond Reason, keeps the door of heaven ;
Love finds admission where proud Science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart,
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of Nature, or the more profound of God :
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom Nature (ill-attempted here !)
Past doubt, is deep philosophy above ;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd, the deepest learning still.
For what a thunder of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all !
In man ! in earth ! in more amazing skies !
Teaching this lesson Pride is loath to learn—
‘ Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind was born to wonder and adore !’

And is there cause for higher wonder still
Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?—
Yes ; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing ?—Yes, Lorenzo ! this ;
Each of these stars is a religious house ;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
And heard hosannas ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,

Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
 The great Proprietor's all-bounteons hand
 Leaves nothing waste, but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of Reason, which to virtues rise
 Beneath his genial ray ; and, if escaped
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
 And is devotion thought too much on earth,
 When beings, so superior, homage boast,
 And triumph in prostrations to the throne ?

But wherefore more of planets or of stars ?
 Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All Nature sending incense to the throne,
 Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere !
 Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
 Nor see of fancy or of fact what more
 Invites the Muse—here turn we, and review
 Our pass'd nocturnal landscape wide ; then say,
 Say, then, Lorenzo ! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring and aghast ?
 ' O what a root ! O what a branch, is here !
 O what a Father ! what a family !
 Worlds ! systems ! and creations !—and creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 Great Vine⁶ ! on thee ; on thee the cluster hangs,
 The filial cluster ! infinitely spread
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught,
 And drinks (nectareous draught !) immortal life.

⁶ John xv. 1.

Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
Of Majesty divine! The blazing seal,
That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
Omnipotence and Love! that passing bound,
And this surpassing that. Nor stop we here
For want of power in God, but thought in man.
E'en this acknowledged, leaves us still in debt;
If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this miniature of Thee,
And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblamed.'

How such ideas of the' Almighty's power,
And such ideas of the' Almighty's plan,
(Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In inconceivables, to men and gods.
Think, then, O think, nor ever drop the thought,
How low must man descend when gods adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee ' We would mount, Lorenzo!
And kindle our devotion at the stars?'

And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
And art all adamant? and dost confute,
All urged, with one irrefragable smile?
Lorenzo! mirth how miserable here!
Swear by the stars, by Him who made them,
swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they;

Then thou, like them, shalt shine : like them, shall
From low to lofty, from obscure to bright, [rise
By due gradation, Nature's sacred law,
The stars from whence ?—ask Chaos—he can tell.
Those bright temptations to idolatry
From darkness and confusion took their birth ;
Sons of Deformity ! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude,
And then to spheres opaque ; then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd ; then blazed out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progress, in advance
From worse to better ; but when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heaven aids exertion : greater makes the great ;
The voluntary little lessens more.
O be a man ! and thou shalt be a god !
And half self-made !—ambition how divine !

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone !
Still undevout ? unkindled ?—though high taught,
Schoold by the skies, and pupil of the stars,
Rank coward to the fashionable world !
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to Heaven ?
Cursed fume of pride, exhaled from deepest hell !
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction ! and in love with death !
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits !
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene !
A scene more sad Sin makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye.
 Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
 Of matter's grandeur, know one end is this,
 To tell the rational, who gazes on it,—
 ' Though that immensely great, still greater he
 Whose breast capacious, can embrace and lodge,
 Unburden'd, Nature's universal scheme ;
 Can grasp Creation with a single thought ;
 Creation grasp, and not exclude its Sire.'—
 To tell him farther—' It behoves him much
 To guard the' important, yet depending fate
 Of being, brighter than a thousand suns ;
 One single ray of thought outshines them all.'—
 And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
 Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
 His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
 Rising, where thought is now denied to rise,
 Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—no mortal ever lived
 But, dying, he pronounced (when words are true)
 The whole that charms thee absolutely vain ;
 Vain, and far worse!—Think thou with dying men ;
 O condescend to think as angels think ! ;
 O tolerate a chance for happiness !
 Our nature such, ill choice insures ill fate ;
 And hell had been, though there had been no God.
 Dost thou not know, my new Astronomer ?
 Earth, turning from the Sun, brings night to man ?
 Man, turning from his God, brings endless night ;
 Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,
 Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
 How deep the darkness ! and the groan how loud !
 And far, how far, from lambent are the flames !—
 Such is Lorenzo's purchase ! such his praise !

The proud, the politic Lorenzo's praise ;
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me ;
My song but echoes what great Nature speaks.
What has she spoken ?—Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever :—‘ Place, at Nature's head,
A Sovereign which o'er all things rolls his eye,
Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
But, above all, diffuses endless good ;
To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly,
The vile for mercy, and the pain'd for peace ;
By whom the various tenants of these spheres,
Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,
Raised in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
At that bless'd fountain-head from which they
stream,

Where conflict past redoubles present joy,
And present joy looks forward on increase,
And that on more ; no period ! every step
A double boon ! a promise and a bliss.’

How easy sits this scheme on human hearts !
It suits their make, it sooths their vast desires ;
Passion is pleased, and Reason asks no more :
‘ Tis rational ! ‘ tis great !—but what is thine ?
It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
Leaves us quite naked, both of help and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse ; few years the sport
Of Fortune, then the morsel of despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo ! (for thou know'st it well)
What's vice ? mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion what ?—the proof of common sense.
How art thou hooted where the least prevails !

Is it my fault if these truths call thee fool ?
And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
Can neither Shame nor Terror stand thy friend ?
And art thou still an insect in the mire ?
How like thy guardian-angel have I flown ;
Snatch'd thee from earth, escorted thee through all
The' ethereal armies ; walk'd thee, like a god,
Through splendours of first magnitude, arranged
On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;
Close-cruised on the bright paradise of God,
And almost introduced thee to the throne !
And art thou still carousing, for delight,
Rank poison, first fermenting to mere froth,
And then subsiding into final gall ?
To beings of sublime, immortal make,
How shocking is all joy whose end is sure !
Such joy more shocking still, the more it charms !
And dost thou choose what ends ere well begun,
And infamous as short ? and dost thou choose
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)
To wade into perdition through contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own ?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow ?
For by strong Guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.
O thou most awful being ! and most vain !
Thy will how frail ! how glorious is thy power !
Though dread Eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss and woe in thy despotic breast ;
Though heaven and hell depend upon thy choice,
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational ?
This horrid image, shall it be more just ?

Lorenzo! no ; it cannot,—shall not, be,
If there is force in reason ; or in sounds
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
A magie, at this planetary hour,
When Slumber locks the general lip, and dreams,
Through senseless mazes, hunt souls uninspired.
Attend—the sacred mysteries begin—
My solemn night-born adjuration hear :
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust,
While the stars gaze on this enchantment new ;
Enchantment not infernal, but divine !

‘ By Silence, Death's peculiar attribute ;
By Darkness, Guilt's inevitable doom ;
By Darkness and by Silence, sisters dread !
That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas solemn as the scene !
By Night, and all of awful, Night presents
To thought or sense (of awful much, to both,
The goddess brings)! By these her trembling fires,
Like Vesta's, ever-burning, and, like hers,
Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure !
By these bright orators that prove and praise,
And press thee to revere the Deity ;
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when revered, a while
To reach his throne, as stages of the soul,
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height,
And purging off some dross at every sphere !
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world !
By the world's kings and kingdomis most renown'd,
From short Ambition's zenith set for ever,
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening knell,

Which midnight waves in Fancy's startled eye,
 And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
 Round Death's black banner throng'd in human
 thought !

By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
 And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !

By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth
 Ejected, to make room for—human earth,
 The monarch's terror ! and the sexton's trade !

By pompons obsequies that shun the day,
 The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
 Which makes poor man's humiliation proud,
 Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust !

By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones,
 And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,
 More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom !

By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grove !
 By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,
 Senseless to pains of death from pangs of guilt !
 By Guilt's last audit ! By yon moon in blood,
 The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 And thunders last discharge, great Nature's knell !

By second Chaos, and eternal Night,—
 Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm ;
 But own not ill discharged my double debt,
 Love to the living, duty to the dead.

For know I'm but executor ; he left
 This moral legacy ; I make it o'er
 By his command : Philander hear in me,
 And Heaven in both.—If deaf to these, oh ! hear
 Florello's tender voice ; his weal depends
 On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;

For his sake—love thyself: example strikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's; that insures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldest thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gavest?
Is this the blessing of so fond a father?
If careless of Lorenzo, spare, oh! spare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct no dishonour to the dead.
Let passion do what nobler motive should;
Let love and emulation rise in aid
To reason, and persuade thee to be—bless'd.

This seems not a request to be denied;
Yet (such the' infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the most hopeless man can make to man.
Shall I then rise in argument and warmth?
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But, oh! I faint! my spirits fail! nor strange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd;
And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
Has stroked my drooping lids, and promises
My long arrear of rest: the downy god
(Wont to return with our returning peace)
Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose.
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
The shipboy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence Sorrow never chased thee; with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late, but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted cordial rest,

Man's rich restorative ; his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tired with vain rotations of the day,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn ;
 Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends :
 When will it end with me ?

— ‘ Thou only know’st,
 Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
 Joins to the present, making one of three
 To mortal thought ! Thou know’st, and Thou alone,
 All-knowing ! — all-unknown ! — and yet well
 known ! [felt !

Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom’d,
 And, though invisible, for ever seen !
 And seen in all ! the great and the minute :
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
 swarm’d,

(Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence !)
 To the first thought that asks ‘ From whence ?’
 declare

Their common source : thou fountain, running o’er
 In rivers of communicated joy !
 Who gavest us speech for far, far humbler themes !
 Say by what name shall I presume to call
 Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 As Moses in the bush ? Illustrions Mind !
 The whole creation less, far less, to Thee,
 Than that to the creation’s ample round,
 How shall I name Thee ? — How my labouring soul
 Leaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !

Great System of perfections ! mighty Cause
Of causes mighty ! Cause uncaused ! sole root
Of Nature, that luxuriant growth of God !
First Father of effects ! that progeny
Of endless series ; where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell ?
Father of all that is or heard or hears !
Father of all that is or seen or sees !
Father of all that is or shall arise !
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform, or dense or rare,
Opaque or lucid, rapid or at rest,
Minute or passing bound ! in each extreme
Of like amaze and mystery to man.
Father of these bright millions of the night !
Of which the least, full Godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
Is appellation higher still thy choice ?
Father of matter's temporary lords !
Father of spirits ! nobler offspring ! sparks
Of high paternal glory, rich endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition ; beams
More pale or bright from day divine, to break
The dark of matter organized (the ware
Of all created spirit) beams that rise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
Of next approach to Godhead. Father fond
(Far fonder than ere bore that name on earth)
Of intellectual beings ! beings bless'd
With powers to please thee, not of passive ply
To laws they know not ; beings lodged in seats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes

Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
 Of this proud, populous, well-policied,
 Though boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee ;
 Whose several clans their several climates suit,
 And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 Or, oh ! indulge, immortal King ! indulge
 A title less august, indeed, but more
 Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !
 Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !
 Father of immortality to man !
 A theme that lately⁸ set my soul on fire—
 And Thou the next ! yet equal ! thou by whom
 That blessing was convey'd, far more ! was bought,
 Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds
 Were made, and one redeem'd ! illustrious Light
 From Light illustrious ! thou, whose regal power,
 Finite in time, but infinite in space,
 On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones
 Inviolably reigns, the dread of gods !
 And, oh ! the friend of man ! beneath whose foot,
 And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 Through the short channels of expiring time,
 Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 Calm or tempestuous (as thy Spirit breathes)
 In absolute subjection !—And, O Thou !
 The glorious Third ! distinct, not separate !
 Beaming from both ! with both incorporate,
 And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
 By condescension, as thy glory, great,
 Enshrin'd in man ! of human hearts, if pure,

⁸ See Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

Divine Inhabitant ! the tie divine
Of heaven with distant earth ! by whom, I trust,
(If not inspired) uncensured this address
To Thee, to Them—to whom ?—mysterious power !
Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd ! darkness in light !
Number in unity ! our joy ! our dread !
The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !
That animates all right, the triple Sun !
Sun of the soul ! her never-setting Sun !
Triune, unutterable, unconceived,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, Great God !
Greater than greatest ! better than the best !
Kinder than kindest ! with soft Pity's eye,
Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
Beyond archangels' unassisted ken,
From far above what mortals highest call,
From Elevation's pinnace, look down, [all,
Through—what ? confounding interval ! through
And more, than labouring Fancy can conceive ;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ?
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detaeh'd
Round various banners of Omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fired ;
Through wondrous beings' interposing swarms,
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee ;
Through this wide waste of worlds ! this vista vast,
All sanded o'er with suns, suns turn'd to night
Before thy feeblest beam—look down—down—
On a poor breathing particle in dust, [down,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes :
His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues too !
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right :

Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the Sun (though Night's descending scale
Now weighs up Morn) unpitied and unbliss'd !
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain ;
Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me now ;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible ; at thy good hour,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bēd ! by nature, now, so near ;
By nature near, still nearer by disease !
Till then be this an emblem of my grave ;
Let it outreach the preacher ; every night
Let it outery the boy at Philip's ear,
That tongue of death ! that herald of the tomb !
And when (the shelter of thy wing implored)
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by Fate,
First in Fate's volume, at the page of Man—
‘ Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever
From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee ;
Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy : ’
On Thee, the promised, sure, eternal down
Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale :
Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond ;
For—Love almighty ! Love almighty ! (sing,
Exult, Creation !) Love almighty reigns !
The death of death ! that cordial of despair !
And loud Eternity's triumphant song !
 Of whom no more :—for, O thou Patron-God !
Thou God and mortal ! thence more God to man !
Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !
Thou canst not seape uninjured from our praise :
Uninjured from our praise can he escape

Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 The heaven of heavens to kiss the distant earth !
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 Against the cross Death's iron sceptre breaks !
 From famish'd Ruin plucks her human prey !
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes !
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suffering brothers to receive !
 And if deep human guilt in payment fails,
 As deeper guilt, prohibits our despair !
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice !
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men.⁹

What words are these—and did they come from
 Heaven ?

And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?
 What are all mysteries to love like this ?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound ;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,
 Though plunged, before, in horrors dark as night :
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy !
 Nor wait we dissolution to be bless'd.

This final effort of the moral Muse,
 How justly titled¹⁰ ! nor for me alone ;
 For all that read. What spirit of support,
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song !

Then farewell Night ! of darkness, now, no more ;
 Joy breaks, shines, triumphs ; 'tis eternal day !
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?
 My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,

⁹ Prov. chap. viii.

¹⁰ The Consolation.

Which some, erroneous, think can never meet,
True taste of life, and constant thought of death !
The thought of death, sole victor of its dread !
Hope be thy joy, and probity thy skill ;
Thy patron He whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven, eternity thy prize ;
And leave the racers of the world their own,
Their feather and their froth, for endless toils :
They part with all, for that which is not bread ;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power,
And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves !
And 'when our present privilege is pass'd,
To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us, would preserve us now.
Lorenzo ! 'tis not yet too late. Lorenzo !
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ;
That is, seize Wisdom ere she seizes thee.
For what, my small philosopher ! is hell ?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,
When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,
And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred Silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight

Of Fancy, when our hearts remain below ?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes ;
'Tis pride to praise her, penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo ! rise, at this auspicious hour,
An hour when Heaven's most intimate with man ;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just ;
And just are all, determined to reclaim ;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then ; thy Philander calls : awake !
Thou, who shalt wake when the Creation sleeps ;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire ;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd,
And midnight, universal midnight ! reigns.

LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In Seven Characteristical Satires.

— Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis. HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their

follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all, therefore, that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term inapplicable to graver compositions: ethics, heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason, because what men aim at by them is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires: and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of

design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach ; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss : and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor ; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master : he appears in good humour while he censures ; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion : he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality ; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious ‘ Satire on Woman,’ which should have

been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly; whereas it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais! the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior*¹.

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

¹ Val. Max.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach: which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. 'Love (says he) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him.' This addition may be made, *viz.* that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that

she has her satirical quiver ; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations. However, this is not necessity, but choice : were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother ; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.

LOVE OF FAME.

SATIRE I.

To His Grace the Duke of Dorset.

— Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is satire ; Dorset ! lend your ear,
And patronize a Muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport through the gates of Fame :
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue ;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Instructive Satire ! true to Virtue's cause !
Thou shining supplement of public laws !
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;
When purchased follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand ;
When the Law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South Sea treasures are not brought to light ;

When churchmen Scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's grace to wit¹ :
 When men grow great from their revenue spent,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore ;
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these in-
 crease,

Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease ?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an Ethiop white ?
 Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post ?
 Shall funeral Eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And satirize with nothing—but their praise ?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain ?
 Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
 And Guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled ;
 Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
 He will not write ; and (more provoking still)
 Ye gods ! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly Roman's² shining path to tread,
 And sharply smile prevailing folly dead ?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?

¹ Many of the Greek and Latin classics had been edited by English divines.

² Horace.

Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise:
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every heart;
The prond to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence,
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's³ eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the bribed cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture towards a book,
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.

³ Afterwards Earl of Bath.

If at his title Trapp⁴ had dropp'd his quill,
 Trapp might have pass'd for a great genius still ;
 But Trapp, alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
 Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
 A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
 While A's deposed, and B with pomp restored⁵.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
 And think they grow immortal as they quote.
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied ;
 Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer !
 Did ever diamond cost a man so dear ?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;
 And (stranger still !) of blockheads' flattery,
 Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,
 Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
 What can she not perform ? the love of Fame
 Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame ;
 Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep ;
 And (stronger still) made Alexander weep ;
 Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed, [dead.
 'Though her loved lord has four half months been

This passion with a pimple have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.

⁴ Dr. Trapp had been Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.

⁵ This alludes to Theobald's 'Shakspeare Restored.'

By this inspired (O ne'er to be forgot !)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the House ;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse :
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale. [in,

Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin !
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer ! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire ! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line ;
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace ?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My Lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
Ye vulgar ! at your peril give him room :
He stands for Fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise !
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious
chase ;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph ! what can be more great ?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.

Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave, that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge,
Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:
Mean sons of earth, who, on a South Sea tide
Of full success, swarm into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments, which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, every toil is pass'd,
And full perfection is arrived at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:

Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known,

Nor is good Pembroke⁶ more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold !)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

' No, sirs, (he cries) I'll sooner rot in gaol :
Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail ?
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh :
His daughter starves ; but Cleopatra's⁷ safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit :
The rich may be polite ; but, oh ! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess ;
True wisdom is the price of happiness :
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse ! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme ? the court affords
Much food for satire ;—it abounds in lords.
' What lords are those saluting with a grin ?'

One is just out, and one as lately in.

' How comes it, then, to pass, we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of pride ?'
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns, a haughty exile, in disgrace.

⁶ Sir Andrew Fountaine and the Earl of Pembroke were great admirers of antique statues.

⁷ A famous statue.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
 Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
 Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
 These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
 With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
 To boast of merely being *out* or *in*. [strive

What numbers here, through odd ambition,
 To seem the most transported things alive?
 As if by joy desert was understood,
 And all the fortunate were wise and good:
 Henee, aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled groans frequent the ball and play:
 Completely dress'd by Monteuil⁸ and grimace,
 They take their birth-day suit, and public face:
 Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
 Put off at night, with Lady Bristol's hair:
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
 With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
 The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
 That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
 Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
 Fools grin on fools, and, stoic like, support,
 Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
 Courts can give nothing to the wise and good
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
 High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
 None think the great unhappy but the great:
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

⁸ A famous tailor.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods ! with mind serene
And guiltless heart, to range the silvan scene ;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate or servile grandeur there ;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd ;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows :
But sonie, untaught, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still ;
Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breathed beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus ! (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend received with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise ? let Ringwood's fame alone ;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit ;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Herebreathe, my Muse ! and then thy task renew ;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates,
Fewer great beggars famed for large estates,
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;

Fewer grave lords to Seroope⁹ discreetly bend,
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who hails the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?—
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

—

SATIRE II.

MY Muse! proceed, and reach thy destined end,
Though toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in every line:
Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the Sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

⁹ A great money-lender.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
 Hippolitus demands the silvan crown¹ :
 But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower !
 Why teems the earth ? why melt the vernal skies ?
 Why shines the Sun ? to make Paul Diack² rise.
 From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good :
 What shape ! what hue ! was ever nymph so fair ?
 He dotes ! he dies ! he, too, is rooted there.
 O solid bliss ! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight ;
 The tulip 's dead ! See thy fair sister's fate,
 O C** ! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all :
 Beware, O florist ! thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulged this noble flame,
 A quaker served him, Adam was his name ;
 To one loved tulip oft the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent ;
 But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour :
 He raged ! he roar'd ! 'What demon cropp'd my
 flower ?'

Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo ! 'twas crush'd by me ;
 Fallen is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee.'

But all men want amusement, and what crime
 In such a paradise to fool their time ?
 None ; but why proud of this ? to fame they soar ;
 We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

¹ This refers to the First Satire.

² The name of a tulip, and of a great stock-jobber, from whom the flower received it.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy ;
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?
 What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power ?
 Another Florio doting on a flower ;
 A short lived flower, and which has often sprung
 From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus ! is thy fancy smit ?
 The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
 Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
 And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
 How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view ?
 Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchased by the yard ;
 And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
 The gilded leather to fit up thy room³.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
 Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
 Or is, at best, a secondary aim,
 A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
 If so, sure they who the mere volume prize
 But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
 But found, at length, that it reduced his rent ;
 His farms were flown : when, lo ! a sale comes on,
 A choice collection ! what is to be done ?
 He sells his last, for he the whole will buy ;
 Sells e'en his house ; nay, wants whereon to lie :
 So high the generous ardour of the man
 For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.

³ Jacob Tonson fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South Sea coxcombs in 1720.



YOUNG.

O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

VALLEY LOVE AND PLUMES, ETC. 75



When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown :
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought ;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read ;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to Orrery⁴ what lies between ;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

Orrery ! whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently graced,
The strictest honour ! and the finest taste !
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are comprised in wit !
But time his fervent petulance may cool,
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense ;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares not friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.
What though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.

⁴ Charles Earl of Orrery.

Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be praised, good nature is adored;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious Letters⁵ came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing well:
But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Through spleen, that little Nature gave make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;

⁵ Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—‘ He’s a wit.’
Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say—they’re devilish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o’er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father’s lead,
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The dunghill breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white,

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And, by Heaven’s blessing, thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea,
One learns to lisp, another not to see:
Miss Duncomb, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what Nature gave disown, through
Others affect what Nature has denied; [pride,
What Nature has denied, fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support:
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
‘ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:’
Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
And adds, ‘ The learn’d delight in something new.’

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought re-clined?

The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the screen,
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Dodington, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic Art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner, nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noon tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face;
Where Nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone!

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen;
How blank his look! how discomposed his mien!

So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist, long inured to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspired,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fired.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
His sumptuous watch-ease, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)
Stanhope⁶ in wit, in breeding Deloraine⁷.
Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart !
But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part :
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspired by Fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surprised
In linen clean, or peruke undisguised :
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A famed surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe :
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)
Level'd her barbarous needle at his fame ;
But open force was vain ; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surprised the darling rent :

⁶ Earl of Chesterfield.

⁷ Lord Deloraine.

Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
 ' And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out'?

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;
 This hates the filthy creature, that the prim :
 Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;
 Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
 The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,
 When party rage too warmly you pursue ;
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride
 And folly join whom sentiments divide.
 You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
 Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
 While both are one ; and henceforth be it known,
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

' But who art thou ? (methinks Florello cries)
 Of all thy species art thou only wise ?
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
 Florello ! thou my monitor shalt be,
 I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
 O thou myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :
 Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
 And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
 Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
 Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
 Thou unambitious fool ! at this late time ?
 While I a moment name, a moment's pass'd ;
 I'm nearer death in this verse than the last :
 What then is to be done ? be wise with speed :
 A fool at forty is a fool indeed !

⁸ Milton's Paradise Lost.

And what so foolish as the chase of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Hon. Mr. Dodington.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-timed modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
Or if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould :
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.

‘Your work is long,’ the critics cry. ‘Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you :
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;
For grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page :
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
‘Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !’
Ye doctors sage ! who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tnb, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage :
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look ;
Another judges, for he bought the book :

Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to
keep ;

Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame ;
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state :
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can
crown

Than Compton's¹ smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste ;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the Sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May :
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine !
Half of their precious day they give the feast ;
And to a kind digestion spare the rest :
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
In those choice books their panegyries read,
And scorn the creatures that for dinner feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

¹ Sir Spencer Compton.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
 Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame :
 Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
 They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
 Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
 And Hervey's² eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
 Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
 To covet shame still greater than his own.
 Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
 Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;
 Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
 And takes a memorandum to forget.
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
 Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
 When those who bring that incense we despise ?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can e'en Satire blame them ; for 'tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
 Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow :
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;

² Lady Hervey.

A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.

When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possess'd,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest :
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire :
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes through pride, the sexes change their
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears; [airs;
Then, (stranger still!) on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To show the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it too!
Vineenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.
'To err, (says he) in small things, is my fate.'
You know your answer, 'He's exact in great.'
'My style (says he) is rude, and full of faults,'—
'But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!'
That 'he wants algebra he must confess;—
But not a soul to give our arms success.'
(Ah! that's a hit indeed.) Vineenna cries;
'But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

I own 'twas wrong when thousands call'd me back,
To make that hopeless, ill-advised, attack ;
All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny :
Sure never fool so well deserved to die.'
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna ! could deceive in thee ;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong :
Thon on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown ? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake ;
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make.
E'en men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign ;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repulsed, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some little place by storm ;
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer Lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,
But often, e'en in doing right, they err :
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come ;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom :
The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance ;
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed :

Of every charm and virtue she's possess'd :
Philander! thou art exquisitely bless'd ;
The public envy ! Now, then, 'tis allow'd
The man is found who may be justly proud :
But, see ! how sickly is Ambition's taste !
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast ;
For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music 's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear :
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as
well :

Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother-tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine :
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay ;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !
The legislature join'd with Drury Lane !
When Britain calls, the' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.

‘Are we not then allow'd to be polite ?’—
Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground ;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel ;
‘Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways !

Weil, Heidegger³, dost thou thy master serve ;
 Well has he seen his servant should not starve :
 Thou to his name hast splendid temples raised,
 In varions forms of worship seen him praised ;
 Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
 And sing sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
 Inferior offerings to thy god of Vice
 Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice ;
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an hundred maids ;
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
 An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice.
 Then smilest, well pleased with the converted land,
 To see the fifty churches⁴ at a stand.

And that thy minister may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of minor prophets, a succession sure,
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate !
 What godlike enterprise is taking birth ?
 What wonder opens on the' expecting earth ?
 'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
 Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings !

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse ! with
 truths like these
 Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please :
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.

³ Director of the masquerades.

⁴ Fifty new churches, in and about London and Westminster, were voted by the House of Commons to be built in 1711, on a recommendation from Queen Anne.

How terrible it were to common sense
To write a satire which gave none offence !
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price !

A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If bless'd with pliant, though but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face.
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain,
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington ! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fired, and friendship graced,
Still higher in your prince's favour placed,
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd ;
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear ;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Hon. Sir Spencer Compton¹.

ROUND some fair tree the' ambitious woodbine
grows,

And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the verse, the' ambitious verse, should be,
(O ! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, Compton ! born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their counsels guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's assertor, and the people's friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse ;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone ;
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown :
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves ;
Though Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good ;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees ;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate :
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

¹ Speaker of the House of Commons ; afterwards created Viscount Pevensey, and Earl of Wilmington.

You smile and think this statesman void of use ;
Why may not time his secret worth produce ?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut ;
Since steeds of genius are expert at *put* ;
Since half the senate *Not Content* can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
kings ?—

An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Geheno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still :
To raise a name, the' ambitious boy has got
At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot :
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul :
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed :
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison ; good estates are bad
For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhoped relief,
And falling stocks quite cured an unbelief ?
While the Sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous
force ;

But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse :
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their mercury is high or low :
Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark,
A fever argues better than a Clarke :
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;

While Collins² mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
The apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
Collins, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed ;
But only thinks so : to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims ;
Nay, a freemason with some terror names ;
Omits no duty ; nor can Envy say
He miss'd, these many years, the church or play :
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due ;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing Dean :
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every publick place :
As sure as cards he to the' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawingrooms :
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace ?

To deck my list by Nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of humankind, [along,
Who want, while through blank life they dream
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

² Anthony Collins, founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd ;
What other men dislike is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes :
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and Foe a sage,
Sedley will fright you, Etherege engage :
By Nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends.
They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right ;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry³ is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out* ;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Though wrong the mode, comply : more sense is
shown

In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than Sloane⁴, the foremost toyman of his time ?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
And Ashmole's baby-house⁵ is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Pern !
How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore !

³ The Duchess of Queensberry, a celebrated toast.

⁴ Sir Hans Sloane, whose collections enrich our Museum.

⁵ The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's
chin.

‘ Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
Since the great plague that swept as many more,
Was ever year unbless'd as this? (he'll cry)
It has not brought us one new butterfly!
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy Jersey! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
But in effect his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he levées all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and estate:
Where'er their lordships go, they never find
Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind;
He sets them sure where'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows, as a morning dun;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And Fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after seven years' dance from place to place,
The Dane⁶ is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracions, and vonchisafes it leave?
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll or thump it, for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?

⁶ A Danish dog belonging to the Duke of Argyle.

Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordship's jest ; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough ?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close !
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie ;
The writing tribe, who, shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold ;
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame their everlasting boast :
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profess'd.
Boyle⁷ shines in council, Mordaunt⁸ in the fight,
Pelham's⁹ magnificent, but I can write ;
And what to my great soul like glory dear ?
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is eat :
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah ! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post ?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate)
Defends surloins, which sons of Dulness eat ?

What foe to verse without compassion bears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint ?

⁷ Earl of Orrery. ⁸ Earl of Peterborough.

⁹ Duke of Newcastle.

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspired?
 Ye bards! why will you starve, to be admired?
 Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will your spectres haunt the frighted press?
 Bad metre, that exerescence of the head,
 Like hair, will sprout although the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg:
 A dedication is a wooden leg;
 A barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
 Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
 Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
 Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
 'Is't then a crime to write?'—If talent rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
 For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
 Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
 Who serve, unmask'd, the least pretence to wit,
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
 Argyle true wit is studious to restore,
 And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smiled before;
 Pembroke in years the long-loved arts admires,
 And Henrietta¹⁰ like a Muse inspires.
 But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
 That fame which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp, what no man can possess alive!
 Fame's a reversion, in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease:
 This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
 He starves his authors that their works may sell.

¹⁰ Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry ;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low born, deform'd and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold :
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard Street,
From rescued candles' ends who raised a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser ! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia, to redeem their land.
For love young, noble, rich Castalio dies ;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half a crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has relieved, but made :
Not such ambition his great fathers fired,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expired :
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain ;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

‘ Who'd be a slave ? ’ the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place :
But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword,

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
 A soldier should be modest as a maid.
 Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy ;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
 Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known ;
 Augustus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
 Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
 Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
 The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation ! last and best
 Of all God's works ! creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost ! —

MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone ;
 Soft female hearts the rude invader own :
 But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
 Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
 Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
 Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
 Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
 Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

¹¹ Applied to George the First,

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame,
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme :
A theme, fair ****! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee ;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refined,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight :
As unreserved and beauteous as the Sun,
Through every sign of vanity they run ;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls ;
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortunetellers' caves and lions' dens ;
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funerals, puppetshows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger !) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame ;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses ; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again :
With all her lustre now her lover warms,
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
Then she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this :
O how she rolls her charming eyes, in spite !
And looks delightfully, with all her might !
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Etna crown'd with snows,
Without she freezes, and within she glows :
Twice ere the Sun descends, with zeal inspired,
From the vain converse of the world retired,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, through good breeding, is ill company ;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace ;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear :
In that the skill of conversation lies ;
That shows, or makes, you both polite and wise.

Xantippe cries, ‘Let nymphs who nought can say
Be lost in silence, and resign the day ;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
By tame behaviour, and a soft address.’
Through virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity ;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To Wisdom’s rules, and raves to prove her wit ;
Then, her unblemish’d honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband’s kindness with disdain :
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady’s discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow’d flame,

Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea ;
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice :
Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes,—but must our wives be wise ?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state !
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate !
If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow ;
We make misfortune ; suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !
Is Nature backward to torment or kill ?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of Death !) with solemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam, [home !
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead ;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace ;
Our ardent labours, for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week :
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?
But one ; a female friend's endearing smile ;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;

Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The silvan race our active nymphs pursue,
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods and fields their glory they complete ;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate ;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confined,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the maned steed ;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert¹ has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel.
And as she guides it through the' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong !
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains :
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please :
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns ;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains :
With legs toss'd high, on her sophée she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits :
Of each performance she's the final test ;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;
And then, pronouneing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease !

¹ A celebrated riding-master.

Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

‘ But hold, (she cries) lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I’m fair?’
O no: see Stella; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspired, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice ruled not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is’t a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia liked her man, and well she might;
The youth in person and in parts was bright:
Possess’d of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o’er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return’d,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn’d:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix’d, when, with one acre more,
In stepp’d deform’d, debauch’d, diseased Three-score!

The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of pride and avarice who can cure the fair?

Man’s rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer’d, bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In Nature’s narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In Fancy’s airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,

Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call ;
He comes : but where 's his patient ? at the ball.
The doctor stares ; her woman courtesies low,
And cries, ' My lady, sir, is always so :
Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night :
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June :
And though, perhaps, you'll think the practice
bold,

A midnight park is sovereign for a cold :
With cholies breakfasts of green fruit agree,
With indigestions supper just at three.'

' A strange alternative, (replies Sir Hans²)
Must women have a doctor or a dance ?
Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die in perfect health, at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.'

Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls ! with what a tender air !
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny³ chid ?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?
Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white.
Why went she not to bed ? ' Because 'twas night.'
Did she then dance or play ? ' Nor this nor that.'
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
' No, all alone her prayers she rather chose,
Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose.'

² Sir Hans Sloane, M. D.

³ Her Lapdog.

Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed :
This her pride covets, this her health denies ;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night ;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again :
Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass :
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less ;
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

How gay they smile ! Such blessings Nature
pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores :
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green :
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss ?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this ?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's depraved allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town : fresh air
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things ;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite.

Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their
shades,

Blaek kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene ?
Or is the publick to the private scene ?
Retired, we tread a smooth and open way,
Through briars and brambles in the world we stray ;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O saered Solitude ! divine retreat !
Choicee of the prudent : envy of the great :
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid ;
The genuine offspring of her loved embrace,
(Strangers on earth !) are Innocence and Peace :
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
There bless'd with health, with business unper-
This life we relish, and insure the next : [plex'd,
There, too, the Muses sport : these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury ! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone ;
Their saered foree Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit :
Both wits ; though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days ! they lived in
With the fourth Sun a warm dispute arose [peace ;
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose :
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness ;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
' Well, sure we were so happy yesterday !'
And then that charming party for to-morrow ?
Though well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow :
But she dares never boast the present hour ;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power :
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains ;
What is it but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine :
Hence, if her lover yawns, all changed appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears :
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd :
' What miracle, (says Strephon) makes thee weep ?'
' Ah, barbarous man, (she cries) how could you—
sleep ?'

Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
 How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day
 We wish our mistress and our meat away:
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
 Eternal love let man, then, never swear!
 Let women never triumph nor despair;
 Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill:
 Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is, indeed, a passion more refined,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the
 But not of that unfashionable set [mind;
 Is Phillis; Phillis and her Damon met.
 Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
 Phillis demands eternal love at least.
 Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
 'Eternal love I vow, (the swain replies)
 But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
 What day next week the' eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
 Elope from mortal man, and range above.
 The fair philosopher to Rowley⁴ flies,
 Where, in a box, the whole creation lies:
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,
 And scorns, Poitier! thy sublunary dance:
 Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air,
 And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
 What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
 'Tis not in airpumps the gay colonel dies.
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.

⁴ An eminent mathematical instrument-maker.

Lo ! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To **** turn ; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right :
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart sincere,
In crowds collected, and in courts severe ;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good ;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;
Of silks and china she 's the last appeal :
In these great points she leads the commonweal ;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! till suspended Fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress ?

But, oh ! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolved the church's welfare to insure,
And make her family a sinecure ;
The theme divine at cards she 'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at piquet ;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew as well !

Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaae, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower!

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise;
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!
What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast a new,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclined;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;

The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flowers unfold their beauties to the Sun :
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy :
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill ;
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid ;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room ;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
‘ My fan !’ let others say, who laugh at toil ;
‘ Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf !’ is her laconic style ;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call !
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out the idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound !
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound ;
And help ! oh, help ! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head ;
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.

Let the robust, and the gigantic, carve,
Life is not worth so much ; she'd rather starve :
But chew she must herself : ah, cruel fate !
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heaven !) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien ;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain :
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind,)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
'By Jove,' is faint, and for the simple swain ;
She, on the Christian system, is profane ;
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead ?
A lady ! pardon my mistaken pen :
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence ;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense ;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity :

They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchanged their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measured pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—'s⁵ self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair ! ye bloom of Britain's isle !
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard is not to be well bred :
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

‘ But adoration ! give me something more,’—
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time ;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
‘ Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each publick place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground ;
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away ;
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day ;

⁵ Dashwood, or Dysart, supposed.

Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old :
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has level'd her deep furrow'd face :
Her strange demand no mortal can approve ;
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love :
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia ! her gray hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine :
That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few ;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace : by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away ;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now ?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouched'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew ?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans ! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.

Life swarms with ills ; the boldest are afraid ;
Where then is safety for a tender maid ?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !
When kind, most cruel ; when obliged the most,
The least obliging ; and by favours lost :
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
Most hard ! in pleasing your chief glory lies,
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise :
Then please the best ; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your em-
In simple manners all the secret lies ;— [brace.
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown ;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind ; that thirst
With which the age is eminently cursed :
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. the Lady Elizabeth Germain.

Interdum tamen et tollit comœdia vocem.

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain ;
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—‘ Germain.’—
I know her not—‘ Your reason's somewhat odd ;
Who knows his patron now ? (replied the god).
Men write to me, and to the world, unknown,
Then steal great names to shield them from the town.
Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.
Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
In vengeance write a volume in her praise :
Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
When such the theme, ’twill easily be done.’

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength :
You here, in miniature, your pictures see,
Nor hope from Zincke more justice than from me :
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side ;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your pride :
He's dear, you frugal ; choose my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury Lane :

She decently, in form, pays Heaven its due,
 And makes a civil visit to her pew.
 Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
 Conceals her face, which passes for a prayer:
 Courtesies to courtesies, then, with grace succeed;
 Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
 Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;
 Through dreadful silence the pent heart might
 Untaught to bear it, women talk away [break:
 To God himself, and fondly think they pray:
 But sweet their accent, and their air refined;
 For they're before their Maker—and mankind.
 When ladies once are proud of praying well,
 Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
 Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
 But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
 The very blackest tongue of calumny,
 When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
 She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the
 sight;
 That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
 There is no woman where there's no reserve;
 And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with a modern fair, meridian merit
 Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
 And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh:
 'Or if you take a lion by the beard,
 Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
 Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear¹,
 First make your will, and then converse with her.

¹ Shakspeare's Hamlet.

This lady glories in profuse expense,
And thinks distraction is magnificence :
To beggar her gallant is some delight ;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
In duel fell two lovers ; one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour ;
Her lovers only should detest her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want :
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant ; and with pains
Her angel brood of bastards she maintains ;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint :
Her soul superior flies formality :
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs ;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant
Her only grief is, that she cannot be [prayers :
At once engaged in prayer and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
‘ Who would not think that Abra was a maid ? ’

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore ;
Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
 She weds an idiot ; but she eats in plate.
 The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
 Are but the ground of unmade happiness ;
 The rude material : wisdom add to this,
 Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss ;
 She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
 Of thin content can draw the subtle thread ;
 But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
 If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
 None could too much admire her excellence ;
 But since she can make error shine so bright,
 She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
 With understanding she is quite o'errun,
 And by too great accomplishments undone ;
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
 For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
 But veil her very wit with modesty :
 Let man discover, let not her display,
 But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
 To make themselves important, men must grieve.
 Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
 Pretends the fop she laughs at is adored.
 In vain she's prond of secret innocence ;
 The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charin to bless,
 Has no design but on her husband's peace :
 He loved her much, and greatly was he moved
 At small inquietudes in her he loved.
 'How charming this !—The pleasure lasted long ;
 Now every day the fits come thick and strong :

At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more?
She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed;
She's forced a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly proved this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Auxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
'You went last night with Celia to the ball.'
You prove it false. 'Not go? that's worst of all.'
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin;
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surprised to hear
She's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear.
What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the Sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen:
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.

Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear,
Some none resist, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refined, in life and manners read ;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teased by her own excellence.
' Folks are so awkward ! things so unpolite !'
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes :
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be
bless'd.

Ah ! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, adored, and wretched thing ?
Old age will come ; disease may come before ;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay ;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine ;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool ;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed ;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey ;
But if deprived of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem ;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain :
Their prudence in a share of folly lies :
Why will they be so weak as to be wise ?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames ;
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong ;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care ;
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because the occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life : your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree :
Unlaced her stays, her nightgown is untied,
And what she has of headdress is aside :
She drawls her words and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face :
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves,
And would draw on jack boots as soon as gloves :
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'd,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers ! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail ?
For Hervey² the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond³ ! the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in town ?

² Lord Hervey.

³ Duke of Richmond.

Women were made to give our eyes delight :
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme :
Through hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
' Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day !'
When most the world applands you, most beware ;
'Tis often a less blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind ; with your own heart confer,
And dread e'en there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown ;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most ? the virtuous, brave, and
wise ?

No ; wretches whom, in secret, we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause ?
No rival's raised by such discreet applause ;
And yet of credit it lays in a store, [more.
By which our spleen may wound true worth the

Ladies there are who think one crime is all :
Can woman, then, no way but backward fall ?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
Of injured modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus : ' What ! railing without end ?
Mean task ! how much more generous to commend !

Yes, to command as you are wont to do,
 My kind instructor, and example too.
 ' Daphnis, (says Clio) has a charming eye ;
 What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry !
 Aspasia's shape, indeed — but then her air —
 The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 Almeria's wit has something that's divine ;
 And wit's enough — how few in all things shine !
 Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor —
 Who was it said Selina's near threescore ?
 At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice ;
 The world congratulates so wise a choice :
 His lordship's rentroll is exceeding great —
 But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 In Shirley's⁴ form might cherubims appear,
 But then — she has a freckle on her ear.
 Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends ;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright ;
 But how comes this to pass ? — she died last night,

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail ;
 Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.
 And whence such praise ? our virulence is thrown
 On others' fame, through fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
 For are not coronets akin to crowns ?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
 The height of avarice and pride confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontrol'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold :

⁴ Probably Lady Frances Shirley.

As fond of five pence as the veriest eit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness :
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unbliss'd. The poor are only poor ;
But what are they who droop amid their store ?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense :
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery :
They languish ! oh, support them with a lie !
A decent competence we fully taste ;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast :
More we perceive by dint of thought alone ;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be bless'd ;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth
divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd :
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless ;

And while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,

Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But satire is my task, and these destroy

Her gloomy province and malignant joy.

Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,

And blast our common enemy, Germain⁵ :

But our invectives must despair success,

For, next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame ?

Or is't Asturia ? that affected dame.

The brightest forms, through affectation, fade

To strange new things, which Nature never made.

Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,

We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.

In Albucinda's native grace is seen

What you, who labour at perfection, mean.

Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,

Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.

Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,

And all the movements of the soft machine ;

How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,

To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau ;

While one white finger and a thumb conspire

To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream !

As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.

What devastations on thy banks are seen !

What shades of mighty names which once have been !

An hecatomb of characters supplies

Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.

Hervey, Pearce, Blount, aspersed by thee, decay,

As grains of finest sugars melt away,

⁵ Lady Betty Germain, the correspondent of Swift.

And recommend thee more to mortal taste :
Scandal's the sweetener of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting naiads call for wine ;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea !
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie⁶ ?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blamed ;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass :
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclined,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal ! for thy severer rage !
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults at which it is a fault to smile ?
There are : Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd ;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives ;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek !
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek !

⁶ —— *Solem quis dicere falsum*

Audeat !

VIRG.

Their passions bear it with a lofty hand !
 But then their reason is at due command.
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
 Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask what kindred is a spouse to them ?

What swarms of amorous grandmothers I see !
 And misses, ancient in iniquity !
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming !
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming !
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
 Such griping avarice, such profuse expense,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
 Such licensed ill, such masquerading times,
 Such venal faiths, such misapplied applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
 Such dissolution through the whole I find ;
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind. [belle

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of Hell;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
 Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.
 Atheists have been but rare : since Nature's birth,
 Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches ! say, whence springs
 This daring character in timorous things ?
 Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
 A match for nothing—but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own,
 In this pursuit they court not fame alone ;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 ' From thinking free, to be free agents too.'

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 In complaisance to all the fools in town. [down,

O, how they tremble at the name of prude !
And die with shame at thought of being good !
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say ?
They Heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
Through cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse ! in honest fury rise ;
They dread a satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few : most nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From atheist far they steadfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute :
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain ?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy ?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood ;
He's like themselves, or how could he be good ?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes sup-
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose, [pose—
The pure ! the just ! and set up, in his stead,
A deity that's perfectly well bred.

‘ Dear Tillotson ! be sure the best of men ;
Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.
Though once upon a time he misbehaved,
Poor Satan ! doubtless he'll at length be saved.
Let priests do something for their one in ten ;
It is their trade : so far they're honest men.
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in black ;

Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
 From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
 Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;
 But then they leave our untithed virtue free.
 Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show ;
 Did ever mortal write like *Rochefoucault*?
 Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,
 And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel forms angelic truths maintain ;
 Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
 For what's true beauty but fair Virtue's face ?
 Virtue made visible in outward grace ?
 She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
 The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.

But charms decline : the fair long vigils keep :
 They sleep no more : *Quadrille*⁷ has murder'd
 Sleep.

‘Poor Kemp⁸ ! (cries *Livia*) I have not been there
 These two nights : the poor creature will despair.
 I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
 And people of condition should bestow.’
 Convinced, o'ercome, to Kemp's grave matrons run,
 Now set a daughter, and now stake a son ;
 Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
 And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
 I less should blame this criminal delight ;
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
 And, thought to fly, contend to be undone :
 We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
 And give eternity, to murder time.

⁷ Shakspeare.

⁸ Keeper of an assembly.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;
 With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;
 Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
 Destroys the power and will of doing good ;
 Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
 And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
 The scandal and the ruin of our isle !
 And see, (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,
 A form divine high wave her snowy hand,
 That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
 Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks :
 And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
 From Æolus's cave impetuous broke ; [shook,
 From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
 Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !
 From men, I mean,—the fair discharges none ;
 She (guiltless creature !) swears to Heaven alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles
 Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell !
 Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
 Thus times her soul to tender nuptial joys !
 And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
 And on her pillow lays her aching head,
 With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
 The die spins lovely, or the cards go round ;
 Imaginary ruins charm her still ;
 Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille ;
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror and of wild despair !
 Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?

Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal
Why pale distraction through the family? [cry?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent? [vent?
What fiends that daughter's destined match pre-
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame?
Though, now, your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,
Twas first a vain devotion to the mode:
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.
Ye fair apostates from Love's ancient power!
Can nothing ravish but a golden shower?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a lift or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengaged—from play.
Why pine the married?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengaged—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd and hard,
Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
While Death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake, in justice long his own:

Like old cards, tinged with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuff's sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair,
Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen,
close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:

Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.

I hear you cry, 'This fellow's very odd!'

When you chastise who would not kiss the rod?

But I've a charm your anger shall control,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with
Her deeds are precepts, her example law; [awe?
Midst empire's charms how Carolina's⁹ heart
Glows with the love of virtue and of art!

Her favour is diffused to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me.

When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Orgodlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smiled, industrious to be pleased, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind¹⁰,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gazed indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, praised the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole ! or the Nine inspire in vain :
To thee 'tis due ; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design !
That glory which thy counsels make so bright ;
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known !
To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme ;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surprised to see
This flood of British Folly charged on thee !
Say, Britain ! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs ?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,

The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind ;
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confined ;
But daring men there are (awake, my Muse !
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy choose ;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, the enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !
Stand fast, Olympus ! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts ! what cities in a blaze !
What wasted countries ! and what crimson seas !
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?
Why want we, then, encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano ? they perform
Their mighty deeds ; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance ! O divine renown !
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were
A nation erush'd, a nation of the brave ! [men,
A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !
‘ Are there (said I) who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away ?
How did my heart with indignation rise !
How honest Nature swell'd into my eyes !
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph, made !

How guilty these ! yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way ;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;
Who stifle Nature, and subsist on Art ;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart ;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard ;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
‘ With open arms their enemies embrace ;’
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
‘ The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :’
Or if they serve you, serve you disinclined,
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole ! when men forget to eopy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit ;
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refused
The justice yet of being well abused,

With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain :
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindleth, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the Sun.
How tortured texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.
How Verres is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And e'en denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing : to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey :
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design ; for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung ; be now the cause display'd :
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power whom all mankind obey ?

Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wis laws were framed, and sacred arts were found ;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine :
What more can prove its origin divine ?

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source ;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of Wit ;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools ;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height :
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul ?
(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, ' 'Tis right ;'
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd ;
As in famed Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled :
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;

But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god¹ and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears :
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain ! desist from your erroneous strife ;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great ;
Where public blessings public praise attend ;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Wouldst thou be famed ? have those high deeds in
view :

Brave men would act, though scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince ! whom no swoln thoughts in-
flame,
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame ;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight ;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king ;
But when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;

¹ Amphitryon.

From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
 A sudden foe to splendour and applause ;
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
 Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
 O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;
 O bless'd ambition ! which can ne'er be vain.

From one famed Alpine hill, which props the sky,
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
 Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there
 shine,

In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine ;
 From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
 Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
 Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
 When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
 Angels and George are rivals for the fame :
 George ! who in foes can soft affections raise,
 And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
 But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves².
 E'en storms (Death's fiercest ministers !) forbear,
 And in their own wild empire learn to spare.
 Thus Nature's self, supporting man's decree,
 Styles Britain's sovereign, Sovereign of the sea !

While sea and air, great Brunswick ! shook our
 state,
 And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
 Deprived of what she loved, and press'd with fear
 Of ever losing what she held most dear,
 How did Britannia, like Achilles³, weep,
 And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep !
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
 Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm !

² The king in danger by sea. ³ Hom. Il. lib. i.

What felt thy Walpole pilot of the realm ?
Our Palinurus⁴ slept not at the helm ;
His eye ne'er closed, long since inured to wake,
And outwatch every star for Brunswick's sake :
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictured in his breast :
But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell ;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the civil storm.

⁴ *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c.*

VIRG. lib. v.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

1730.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets ; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall :
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigus,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo ! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky ;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng !

O Pope ! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain ;
I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals : my tormented car
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer :
I've heard myself to death ; and, plagued each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power ?
For who can write the true absurd like me ?—
Thy pardon, Codrus ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
 The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
 Merit less solid less despite had bred;
 They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
 Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
 But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys:
 With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
 The man that makes a character makes foes.
 Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To show they live) they flutter, and they sting;
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliff's of rhyme;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
 The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
 Men that read well, or men that only write;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes suc-
 ceeds;
 For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.

By thriving men subsists each other trade ;
Of every broken craft a writer's made :
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful Isle ! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song ;
Thee well a land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame ;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please ;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceived, but when it gives offence :
Their heavy prose our injured reason tires ;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires :
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authours on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone ?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain) he still retains his wits :
Another marries, and his dear proves keen ;
He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen :
Some write, confined by physic ; some, by debt ;
Some, for 'tis Sunday ; some, because 'tis wet :
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite :
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound ?
Neither : why write then ? he wants twenty pound !
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give ;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live :
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme :

Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit :
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust, [just :
 Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them
 Genius directly from the gods descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill ;
 And, since blank paper is denied the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess ;
 In various sets, which various words compose,
 Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the sibyl broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;
 The priests found out the meaning if they could,
 And nations stared at what none understood.

Cladio dress'd, danced, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul !)
 Oft have I said, ' Awake ! exist ! and strive
 For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !'
 As oft I overheard the demon say,
 Who daily met the loiterer in his way, [replies,
 ' I'll meet thee, youth ! at White's.' The youth
 ' I'll meet thee there ;' and falls his sacrifice :
 His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To every bribe, and blind to every snare.
 Cladio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we ! all but life they stake ;
 How must Spain tremble, and the German shake !
 Such writers have we ! all but sense they print ;
 E'en George's praise is dated from the Mint.
 In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.

Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast ! O the beauteous strife !
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life :
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire ;
They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride ;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride :
For who so sad but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress ?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old laced coat.

These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome ;
They make a private study of the street,
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps, who stands amazed
To find they did not see, but only gazed.
How must these bards be rapp'd into the skies !
You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.

Will they persist ? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
See them confined.—'O, that's already done.'
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men ;
'*Est ulubris*,' they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
O frail conclusion ! the reverse is true ;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you :
Treat them, ye judges ! with an honest scorn :
And weed the cockle from the generous corn :
There's true good nature in your disrespect ;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect :

For immortality if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;
'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night ;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the Devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread ;
They're epitaphs, and say ' the work is dead.'
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise ;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, ' Sir, I'm your friend ; all fear dismiss ;
Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;
Your power is fix'd, your fame through time
convey'd,
And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid.'
A statesman has his answer in a trice ;
' Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;
What man can pay for this ?—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
His patron he will patronize no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.

Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !
 Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;
 For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
 And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :
 He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off :
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
 But when once publish'd, they are heard no more :
 Thus distant bugbears fright ; but nearer draw,
 The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige whose heads and hearts are
 No : every party's tainted by their touch. [such ?
 Infected persons fly each public place,
 And none, or enemies alone, embrace :
 To the foul fiend their every passion's sold ;
 They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
 What image of their fury can we form ?
 Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
 Rest they in peace ? If you are pleased to buy,
 To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
 Write they with rage ? the tempest quickly flags ;
 A state Ulysses tames them with his bags :
 Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
 For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head,
 That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
 Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout ;
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away !

With golden forceps these another takes,
 And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh

How much it costs the wretch to be so base ;
 Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
 Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong ?
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue ?
 Yes ; if well bribed, for Virtue's self they fight ;
 Still in the wrong, though champions for the right :
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
 From the same hand how various is the page !
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage !
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare ;
 Say, is this lunacy ?—I wish it were.
 If such our writers, startled at the sight,
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write !

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern Wit !
 Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense ;
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
 Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame ;
 Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene
 Invites the Town to sup at Drury Lane ;
 A dreadful lion, now he roars at power,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower ;
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such ?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
 Those five-fold monsters modern authors make.

The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
When the brain's perish'd in a human head.

Ye groveling, trodden, whipp'd, stripp'd, turn-
coat things,

Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, cursed
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true?
It did in Elkanah¹, why not in you?

Poor Elkanah, all other changes pass'd,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.

Such is the fate of talents misapplied;
So lived your prototype, and so he died.

The' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:

Heaven stands absolved by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:

Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener changed their principles than shirt:

The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again:

Too soon (O merry, melancholy fate!)

They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd, forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injured purse,
Lintot relents, nor Cull can wish them worse.

¹ Elkanah Settle, the city poet.

So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity and sense.

From these their polities our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week :
These labouring wits, like paviers, mend our ways
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays; [dull,
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
And hem at every thump upon your scull :
These stanch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
Thanking a villain for his probity ;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :
It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights !
While graceless reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, the o'erloaded state
Discharges all her poor and profligate,
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field :
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choose eternity or ease?

Has not a royal patron¹ wisely strove
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?
 Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write and live;
 Serious should be an author's final views:
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
 Unbliss'd with sense above their peers refined,
 Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless men! who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose famed works you
 read?

'Tis well; go then, consult the laurel'd shade.
 What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envied genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chancer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast;
 To think that early we must think at last.

¹ King George the First's benefaction for modern languages.

Immortal wits, e'en dead, break Nature's laws,
Injurious still to Virtue's sacred cause ;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Reversed ambition !) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted fame : does Incre then,
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen ?
In prose 'tis blamable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse ;
His sacred influence never should be sold ;
'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold :
'Tis immortality should fire your mind :
Seorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe !
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe :
All's on the party of the virtuous man :
The good will surely serve him, if they can ;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their interest and their pride ;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense ?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-
What is a scandal of the first renown, [dyed.
But letter'd knaves, and atheists in a gown ?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence ;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense ;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame ;
True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen ;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
 What instances bleed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their genius brought !
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely through want of wit to be undone !
 Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
 That wit's a jewel which we need not wear :
 Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made :
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays,
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
 A certain snare to miseries immense,
 A gay prerogative from common sense ;
 Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
 And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
 Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;
 Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
 'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal ;
 As it is great to seize the golden prize
 Of place or power, but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
 Think private merit less than public fame,
 And fancy not to write is not to live ;
 Deserve, and take the great prerogative :
 But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
 To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press ;
 Who write, an awful character profess ;

The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame.
Nothing but what is solid or refined
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
No writer, famed in your own way, pass o'er ;
Much trust example, but reflection more :
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught,
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and rewrite, blot out and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen ;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise ;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise ; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain :
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek :
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault ; though beautiful, 'twill harm ;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness : Addison
And you this commendable list have done :
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsonnd.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest ;

Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
 We praise for what you burn, and what you spare :
 The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
 And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well ;
 Men may too oft, though not too much excel ;
 A few good works gain fame ; more sink their price ;
 Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :
 They granted you writ well ; what can they more,
 Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
 Smile, if it smiles ; and if it rages, rage.
 So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
 That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause ;
 It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.
 Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end,
 Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's, friend.
 The public glory by your own beget ;
 Run nations, run posterity, in debt ;
 And since the famed alone make others live,
 First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;
 'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
 Satire recoils whenever charged too high ;
 Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
 As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
 Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
 Genius and morals be with you the man :
 Defaults in those alone should give offence ;
 Who strikes the person pleads his innocence.
 My narrow-minded satire can't extend
 To Codrus' form ; I'm not so much his friend :

Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd humour ? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you ? your task give o'er ;
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life :
When most unsought such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise ;
Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown ;
They give yon nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse ;
Clear be the style, the very sound of force ;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.
Let Nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ;
O'er learning Reason reign, o'er that your creed ;

Thus Virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow ;
 Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despréaux² ;
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines.

Parts but expose those men who virtue quit ;
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen ?
 From able writers rise to worthy men.

‘ Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain ?

Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?
 Who damns our trash with so much trash replete,
 As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat ?

Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?
 With huge examens overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime ?
 Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe :
 Time is the judge ; Time has nor friend nor foe ;
 False fame must wither, and the true will grow.
 Arm'd with this truth, all crities I defy ;
 For if I fall, by my own pen I die ;
 While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
 To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
 Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,

² Mons. Boileau Despréaux.

Thus have I forged a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign !
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Deluged with ink, and sleep behind my shield ;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage !) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills when sons of Dulness write.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus ruled the globe alone ;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts and throng'd his palace gate,
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain ;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman geniis how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue, ,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you ;
The Muses' friend is pleased the Muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access ;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclined her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead ;

Fell Discord through her borders fiercely ranged,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs changed;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,
Nor Heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chased,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste:
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring:
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the Sun was nigh.

But now, (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now Peace, though long repulsed, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in council, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell;
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resonnd his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name:
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly
flows,
The brighter Sun a fuller day bestows;

All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed ;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France ;
So well received, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate !) in Bourbon's stately dome,
The monarch pleased, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own ;
He claims a part ; and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear ;
Now first with joy beheld, well placed on one
Who makes him less regret his darling son :
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main ;
The Gallie shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis, Thames ; the Seine for Anna flows :
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd ;

Each wound received now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize the illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war which raised the foes, completes the
friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who, with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his loved native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Meanwhile the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer, of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;

Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.
Now War is weary, and retired to rest ;
The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone.
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
The Almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this ?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne ;
Conquests ! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin ;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,
Look down and smile on this auspicious day ;
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell,
Then deep into eternity retire ;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire ;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What further passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piecemeal seek the grave:
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispersed on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main),
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Lest it an insult of their woes appear, [blood
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their
Perhaps preserved, who starve or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage,
On Heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O! I view with transport arts restored,
Which double use to Britain shall afford,
Secure her glory purchased in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield;
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceased to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled:
For Janus shut her Iō Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves famed historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confined,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks;
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours which, in man's despite,
Possess him with a passion for the right;

With honest magic make the knave inclined
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind ;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love ?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own ?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will :
Nor is the short-lived conquest quickly pass'd ;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power ?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd ;
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd ;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind :
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal,
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.

How can they cool to villains ? how subside
 To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride ?
 To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
 Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn ?
 In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
 To govern and control the world of wit
 As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known ?
 Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own ;
 He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
 And traced the Muses to their fountainhead ;
 But much we hope he will enjoy at home
 What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
 Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance :
 There, too, has Shrewsbury improved his taste,
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.
 For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less :
 What though we wrong him ? Isabella's woe
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The drama glories in the British Muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread :
 Our genius more affects the grand than fine ;
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine :
 They raise a great curiosity indeed,
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed ;
 We rouse the affections, and that hero show
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow :
 They sigh ; we weep : the Gallic doubt and care
 We heighten into terror and despair ;
 Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
 Nor fear our audience should be pleased too much.

What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain ;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love :
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan ;
And such we draw him, nor are too refined
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakspeare but wrote the play the' Almighty made :
Our neighbour's stage art too barefaced betrays ;
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise :
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls ;
None think of Shakspeare till the curtain falls ;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs ;
That oft they think more justly we must own ;
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown :
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too ;
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault :
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame :
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakspeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all humankind ;
He made one nature, and another found ;
Both in his page with master-strokes abound :
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile.

Of lost historians we almost complain,
 Nor think it the creation of his brain.
 Who lives when his Othello's in a trance ?
 With his great Talbot¹, too, he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
 In great descendants ; Shakspeare has but one ;
 And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind silence spare his rival's shame :—
 Yet I in vain that author would suppress :
 What can't be greater, cannot be made less :
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
 And to himself great Agamemnon name. [smile,
 Should Shakspeare rise, unbliss'd with Talbot's
 E'en Shakspeare's self would curse this barren isle :
 But if that reigning star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
 E'en I, by far the meanest of your age,
 Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,
 Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
 And spared the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate ! that gives me leave to write
 To you the Muse's glory and delight,
 Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
 And mortify an author with your praise.
 Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due ;
 But censure's self will please, my lord, from you.
 Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
 What though the great man set his coffers wide,
 That cannot gratify the poet's pride,

¹ An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakspeare.

Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
 Is best rewarded when best understood!
 The Muses write for glory, not for gold;
 'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
 The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
 To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
 The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong,
 Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
 Should this great theme allure me further still,
 And I presume to use your patience ill,
 The world would plead my cause, and none but you
 Will take disgust at what I now pursue;
 Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I'll choose
 A theme that's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville
 Without a spark of his immortal flame: [name,
 Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
 Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
 Whether we choose to love or to admire,
 You melt the tender, and the' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
 And such familiar glories spread around,
 As more incline the stander-by to raise
 His value for himself, than you to praise.
 Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
 Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
 So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
 'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your
 You to be happy want not to be seen; [mien;
 Though prized in public, you can smile alone,
 Nor court an approbation but your own:
 In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
 In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please,

You, were all blind, would still deserve applause ;
 The world 's your glory's witness, not its cause ;
 That lies beyond the limits of the day,
 Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence,
 A gift which Nature rarely does dispense :
 Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
 Would be well pleased to see yourself outdone ;
 You wish not those, who show your name respect,
 So little worth as might excuse neglect ;
 Nor are in pain lest merit you should know,
 Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe :
 A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
 To be well used, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good ; that told, so well
 Your powers are known, the' event I need not tell.
 When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd ;
 That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd :
 And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
 Who meant he conquer'd, only said—he fought.

When you, my Lord, to silvan scenes retreat
 (No crowds around for pleasure or for state),
 You are not cast upon a stranger land,
 And wander pensive o'er the barren strand ;
 Nor are you by received example taught,
 In toys to shun the discipline of thought ;
 But, unconfined by bounds of time and place,
 You choose companions from all human race ;
 Converse with those the deluge swept away,
 Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
 To those ideas your own thoughts present ;
 Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
 Is finding cause to like yourself the more.

In Grecian sages you are only taught
 With more respect to value your own thought.
 Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
 Those precepts we behold alive in you.
 Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules.
 What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told !
 So pleased, and so surprised, Æneas stood,
 And such triumphant raptures fired his blood,
 When far from Trojan shores the hero spied
 His story shining forth in all its pride ;
 Admired himself, and saw his actions stand
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being who's confined
 In converse, and reflection on mankind :
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell ;
 Ranges eternity without the leave
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
 When these high cares your weary thought dismiss,
 In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
 Ye kings ! would ye true greatness understand ?
 Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand².

Behold the glories of your life complete !
 Still at a flow, and permanently great ;
 New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
 And yet your greatest is—that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and raised you to the seat
 Of honour, and confess'd her servant great ;

² See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled, Heroic Love.

Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
 Her trumpets swell'd long since with Granville's
 Though you in modesty the title wear, [name.
 Your name shall be the title of your heir,
 Further than ermine make his glory known,
 And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
 From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
 The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
 Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
 Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
 Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
 Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
 But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
 To him that great prerogative resign,
 Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
 His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
 A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
 That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame
 That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
 Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
 Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
 But friends, indeed—good-nature in excess.
 You cannot boast the merit of a choice
 In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,
 Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
 Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
 Similitude of manners, such a mind,
 As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
 Such ease his common converse recommends
 As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
 Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
 Of all beneath the Sun to bend his course³.

³ His lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclined,
The pliant branches dance in every wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the north disdains.
How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in
vain.
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but, ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.
With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.
'Twas pass'd: his cheek was cold; that tuneful
tongue,
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Searce raised a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what served all his promised wealth and power
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confined,

Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smiled in Death's embrace[†].

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll;
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan—‘ Support me.’—O ! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear !

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief :
To better fate your love I recommend ;
O may you never lose so dear a friend !
May nothing interrupt your happy hours !
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers :
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn ;
To make the Muse immortal you were born.
Sing ; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark ;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung ;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

[†] The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New College, Oxon.

TO MR. ADDISON,
ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see? is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more;
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain,
'Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.'
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines, with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds, in distant nations wrought,
And virtues, by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame.
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought and Cato bled for you.

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES
IN THE YEAR 1714.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, AND THE ACCESSION
OF KING GEORGE I.

—Gaudia curis. HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,

To me you never did more lovely shine
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though raised in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens ; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, sir ! the great esteem and honour due
I chose, that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere ;
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end :
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The Sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing !—but ah ! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell :
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain !
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new !)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe ;
And when black storms confess the distant Sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won :
Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.

To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
Not want of rest, or the Sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smiled in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw, and grieved to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bonny piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;

He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise?—
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears;
Who dried the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever songht, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injured trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers! who on your misfortunes thrived,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arrived,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes tried;
A second time our tender parents died!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown:
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.

Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one relieved transcends a million slain.
When Time shall ask where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away;
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Her random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is composed in peace;
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end mat'rest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glittering ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock the' inexorable tomb;
Why, then, this fond indulgence of our woe?
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow?

Yes, this advantage from our deep distress ;
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown ;
An Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger ! to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame !
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great sir ! now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your power :
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine :
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
They all conspired this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share; but may not we have leave to boast,
 That we contemplate and enjoy it most ?
 This ancient nurse of arts, indulged by Fate
 On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
 For many rolling ages justly famed,
 Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
 And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
 Her blood and treasure to support the throne ;
 For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
 And freedom with her dying hand retain'd ;
 No wonder, then, her varions ranks agree
 In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
 And seas divide thee from the British coast ?
 The crown's impatient to enclose thy head ;
 Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
 Our strict obedience through the world shall tell,
 That king's a Briton who can govern well.

TO MR. TICKELL,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confined,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion ! bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing :
 A darling theme ! once powerful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir :

Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.

'See, see, (she cried) old Maro's Muse appears,
Waked from her slumber of two thousand years :
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page ;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.'

The State, when now his rising fame was known,
The' unrival'd genius challenged for her own,
Nor would that one, for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song. [pense,
As health and strength the brightest charms dis-
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspired,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fired,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour,
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy ;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
This Sowers¹ knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,
To be matured in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;

¹ Lord Sowers enabled Addison to prosecute his travels.

Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the Sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And placed a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon received her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprise was her *Aeneas* lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires
weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought :
Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick ! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright,
How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
By him inspired, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shows the' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now, surprised, her fruitful branches see ;
Or, orange like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :

He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
The nation, pleased, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
(Since such his talents) that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of power the' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end ;
To rouse the war for injured Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause ;
With Virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint the' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author ! where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul ? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?
One let me join, all other may excel,
' How could a mortal essence think so well ?

But why so large in the great writer's praise ?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :
In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend !
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
 Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
 Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
 Thou further shalt the sacred theme pursue;
 And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
 Thy life shall second what thy Muse began,
 Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
 Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
 Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
 Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

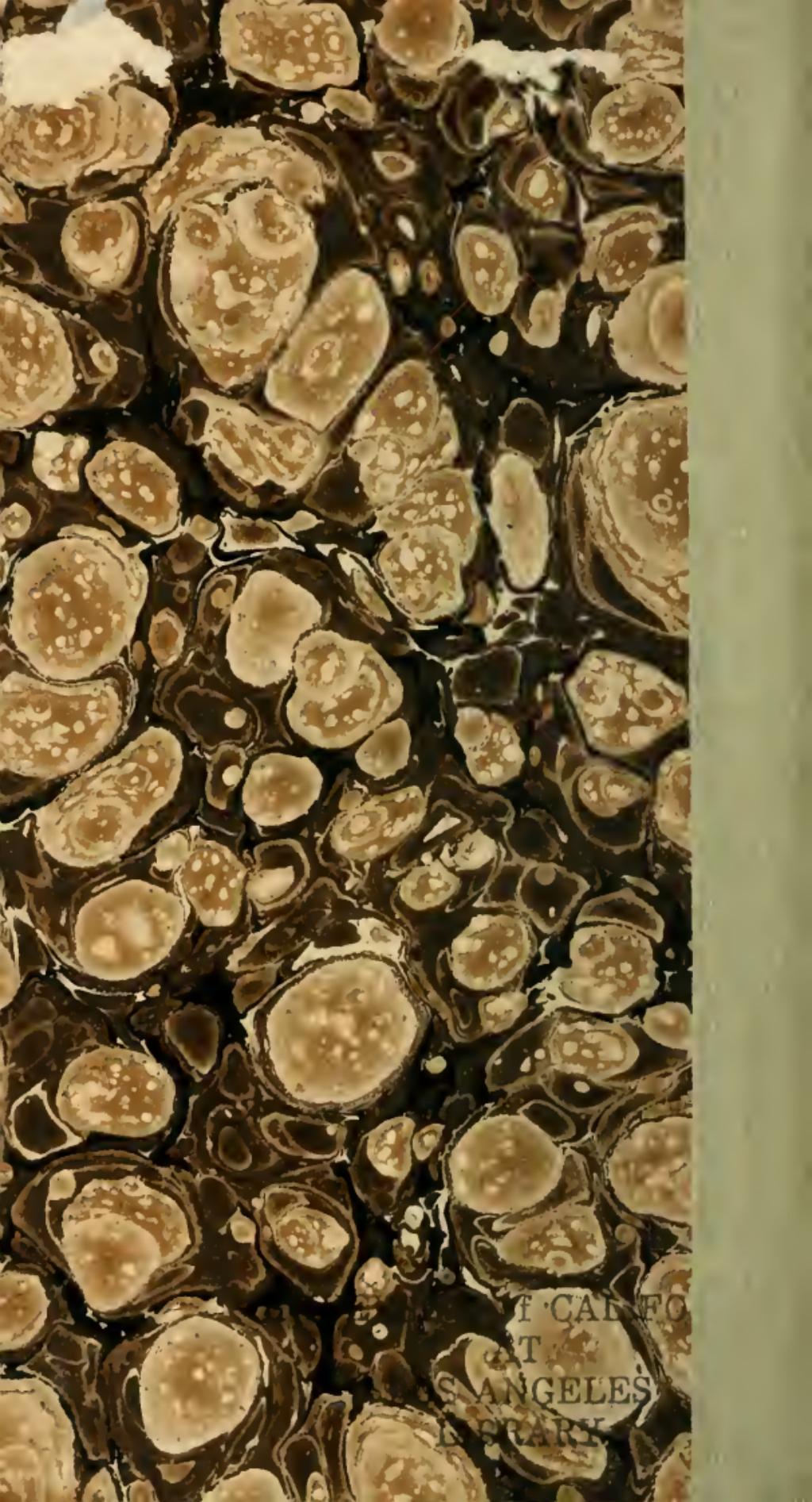
But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
 The noble work well trusted to thy care,
 The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
 To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
 Collect the labours, join the various rays,
 The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
 Then bear to him so true, so truly loved,
 In life distinguish'd, and in death approved,
 The immortal legacy. He hangs a while
 In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
 With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
 And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
 What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike
 friend,
 Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
 Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
 Those cares suspended for a private woe;
 Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
 He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

END OF VOL. XLV.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.





The background of the image is a marbled paper pattern, characterized by a dense, organic texture of irregular shapes and veins in shades of brown, tan, and cream against a dark, mottled base. This pattern covers the majority of the page.

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